A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF GREAT HYMN WRITERS

NUTTER

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HISTORIC HYMNISTS

A PORTRAIT GALLERY

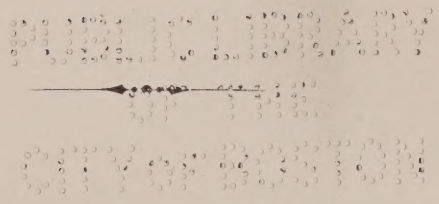
OF

GREAT HYMN WRITERS

BY THE

REV. CHARLES S. NUTTER

Author of "Hymn Studies"



BOSTON

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1893

B. H.
July 25. 1794
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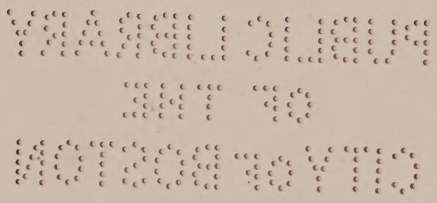

PREFACE.

THOSE who have written inspiring songs of praise should be numbered among our best friends. This work has been prepared for the purpose of making lovers of hymns better acquainted with these friends. The book is characterized by three important features; namely, portraits of great hymn writers, biographical sketches of these authors, and specimens of their work.

The portraits speak to the eye and to the heart. We unconsciously make a mental picture of the people concerning whom we read, but unless we have the aid of a portrait we can have no assurance that our mental image is correct. Some of these portraits have never before been given to the public, and most of them are not familiar. They should be studied, lovingly and long, until their features are so photographed upon the mind that they can be recalled at will.

The biographical sketches are not long, but they fairly and truly represent the characters of these people inspired of Heaven to teach in holy song. They were men and women of more than ordinary genius, piety, and learning; and we are sure that the better they are known the more they will be appreciated.

The hymns given may be considered as illustrations of the ability of the authors. Some of them are well known favorites; others, less familiar, are equally deserving favorable attention. A few hymns have been especially written for this work.

To memorize grand religious poetry is at once a means of culture and of grace. This admirable custom of saints of all ages should be revived. In the opinion of the editor there is not a stanza in this book that is not worthy of patient study. Some of the hymns are slightly modernized in orthography, but unless otherwise indicated, are given without abbreviation, and in authentic form. They are arranged chronologically, to indicate the progress of Christian hymnody through the ages.

CHARLES S. NUTTER.

4 BERWICK PARK, BOSTON, MASS.,
Sept. 19, 1892.

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MARTIN LUTHER,

Author of "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

MODERN hymnody dates from the Reformation. We owe our hymn-book to the same grand man who gave us the Bible.

Martin Luther was born in Eisleben in 1483. His parents belonged to the peasant class, but young Luther showed such a love for study that his father resolved to give him a liberal education. He entered the University at Erfurt in 1501, and took the degree of M.A. in 1505. The same year he entered the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt. He was very faithful in all his monastic duties, and mortified and tormented himself continually, yet he found no soul rest.

In 1508 he was called to the chair of Philosophy at the University of Wittenberg. In 1512 he received the degree of Doctor of Theology. The year previous he made a visit to Rome, which first caused him to doubt the sanctity and authority of the Catholic Church. It was the open and ostentatious sale of indulgences by John Tetzel, under the sanction of Leo X., that fully opened his eyes, and at mid-day of October 31, 1517, Luther posted his famous theses against indulgences on the door of the castle church at Wittenberg. That date marks the birthday of the Reformation.

The burning of the Pope's Bull of Excommunication, the Diet at Worms, the translation of the New Testament, and the subsequent marriage of Luther are well-known historic events of great interest. After Luther had given the people the Bible in their own language, he saw the need of psalms and hymns, and at once set himself at work to supply that need. The first Protestant hymn-book was printed at Wittenberg in 1524; it contained only eight hymns; a second and larger book was published the same year.

The Christians of the early Church sang at their services, but little by little the musical part of worship was monopolized by the priests. In the year 363 A.D. the Council of Laodicea prohibited the laity from joining in the singing, and for a thousand years the music of the Church was confined to the chanting of priests in an unknown tongue. The Reformation restored the privilege of sacred song to the people in public worship.

Most portraits are idealized, but the one given here, originally taken from life, represents the real Luther as, in his prime, he walked the streets of Wittenberg.

The first selection was translated by Miss Catharine Winkworth, the second, Luther's grandest hymn, by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge.

A PREFACE TO ALL GOOD HYMN BOOKS.

(LADY MUSIC SPEAKETH.)

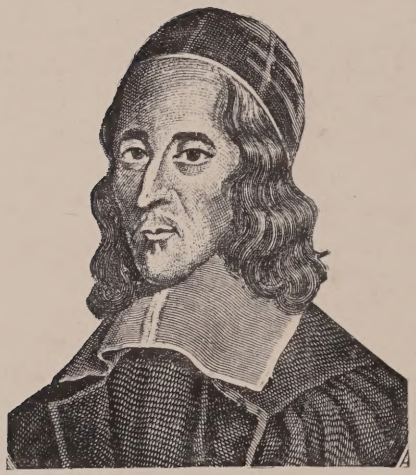
OF all the joys that are on earth
Is none more dear nor higher worth,
Than what in my sweet songs is found
And instruments of various sound.
Where friends and comrades sing in tune,
All evil passions vanish soon;
Hate, anger, envy, cannot stay,
All gloom and heartache melt away;
The lust of wealth, the cares that cling,
Are all forgotten while we sing.
Freely we take our joy herein,
For this sweet pleasure is no sin,
But pleaseth God far more, we know,
Than any joys the world can show;
The Devil's work it doth impede,
And hinders many a deadly deed.
So fared it with King Saul of old;
When David struck his harp of gold,
So sweet and clear its tones rang out,
Saul's murderous thoughts were put to rout.
The heart grows still when I am heard,
And opens to God's Truth and Word;
So are we by Elisha taught,
Who on the harp the Spirit sought.
The best time of the year is mine,
When all the little birds combine
To sing until the earth and air
Are filled with sweet sounds everywhere;
And most the tender nightingale
Makes joyful every wood and dale,
Singing her love-song o'er and o'er,
For which we thank her evermore.
But yet more thanks are due from us
To the dear Lord who made her thus,
A singer apt to touch the heart,
Mistress of all my dearest art.
To God she sings by night and day,
Unwearied, praising Him alway;
Him I, too, laud in every song,
To whom all thanks and praise belong.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.
And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.



GEORGE HERBERT,

Author of "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright."

REV. GEORGE HERBERT, M.A.

"HOLY GEORGE HERBERT," as he has long been styled, was born in a noble English family in 1593. When only four years of age he had the misfortune to lose his father, but his excellent mother practically filled the place of both parents. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was made M.A. in 1615.

In 1619 Herbert was elected orator of his University, which office he held eight years. At this time he was a courtier of King James and looked forward to political life, but the death of James destroyed his hopes, and soon after he resolved to enter sacred orders. In that age the ministry was regarded as a mean office, beneath the merits of a gentleman. Admitting the disrepute into which the ministry had fallen, Herbert wrote, "I will labor to make it honorable by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labor to be like my Saviour by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

In 1626 he was ordained deacon and given the charge of a parish at Layton. He rebuilt the church, which had fallen into ruin, and restored it to prosperity. In 1630 he was made a priest, and with his devoted wife went to live in the parsonage at Bainton. His faithful teaching and devoted life soon told upon the people. He read prayers in his chapel twice a day; gentlemen left their pleasures, and yeomen their ploughs, when Mr. Herbert's "saint's-bell" rang to prayers.

His chief recreation was music, which he loved as passionately as did Martin Luther. He frequently said, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it." His ministry was short; in the midst of his usefulness "he was not, for God took him." Herbert's sacred poems reflect his holy life like a mirror. They are both quaint and good, and are highly prized by devout souls.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE CALL.

COME my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way as gives us breath,
Such a Truth as ends all strife,
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light as shows a feast,
Such a Feast as mends in length,
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come my Joy, my Love, my Heart,
Such a Joy as none can move,
Such a Love as none can part,
Such a Heart as joys in love.

GRACE.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives. O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove,
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let suppl'ing grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for Thou dost know the way,
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say,
Drop from above.

ANTIPHONE.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

PAUL GERHARDT,

Author of "Give to the winds thy fears."

REV. PAUL GERHARDT.

GERMAN hymnody is the richest and most extensive in the world, and Paul Gerhardt is confessedly the prince of German hymn-writers. He was born in Saxony in 1606, and educated at the University of Wittenberg. He was employed as a private tutor for several years, and did not take holy orders until 1651, when he became pastor of a church at Mittenwalde, near Berlin. Here he passed six quiet years, was married, and published the first of his hymns. These were popular from the beginning, and to them largely Gerhardt owed his early, as well as his later, fame.

In 1657 he became associate pastor of the great Church of St. Nicholas, in Berlin, where he was very popular and useful. The Calvinists of that day held extreme views, and the Lutherans frequently opposed some of their doctrines with great vehemence; especially were they accustomed to maintain that Christ died for all men, and not for the elect only. The controversies between these two parties sometimes became exceedingly warm.

In 1662 Frederick William I., the "Great Elector," undertook to make peace between these bodies, but after several conferences of the leading men he found it impossible to persuade them that their differences were non-essential. Two years later the Elector published an edict requiring the ministers on both sides to abstain from attacking each other's doctrines publicly; and in the following year he required every beneficed Lutheran clergyman to pledge himself to observe the terms of this edict. Gerhardt, and many others, refused to comply, asserting their right to freedom of speech. With him it was a question of conscience, and in 1666 he was deprived of his appointment.

In 1669 he accepted the position of Archdeacon of Lubben, in Saxony, where he remained until his death, in 1676. He was a man of great ability, good education, and genuine piety. The whole number of his hymns is only one hundred and twenty-three. Most of them have been translated into English, and many are in common use. The following translation of one of Gerhardt's most famous hymns was made by John Wesley, and was published in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1739.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

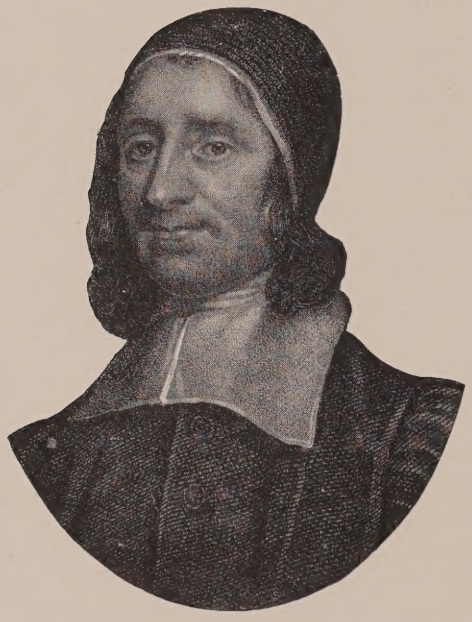
What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care!



RICHARD BAXTER,

Author of "Jehovah's praises let us sing."

REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

THE name of Baxter has been an honorable one for more than two hundred years. He was born in 1615. In youth he was free from the temptations both of poverty and riches. Teachers of religion at that time were sadly ignorant, and frequently immoral, but Baxter was blessed with a pious father who taught him to love the Bible. In his autobiography he confesses his youthful sins, and narrates his early awakening and reformation.

Baxter did not attend the University, but was educated by indifferent tutors. His strong mind, love of learning, and great diligence made him a scholar in spite of defective instruction. He was inclined to consumption, and his whole life was a continued battle against disease, yet the amount of work he performed was very great.

He was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester in 1638, and labored with good results in the Church of England; especially at Kidderminster, his work was blest to the transformation of the whole community. It had become notorious for ignorance and impiety, but at length it became as famous for civilization and religion.

He wrote a large number of tracts and books, some of which were very famous. "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" was written during four months of illness, when he thought he was very near that "rest." His "Call to the Unconverted" was written at the earnest request of Bishop Usher. Twenty thousand copies were printed the first year. It was subsequently translated into other languages, and continued its useful work for generations. "Gildas Salvianus; or, the Reformed Pastor," was written to stimulate ministers to zeal and fidelity. John Wesley quoted it and recommended it to his preachers.

Baxter was a conservative man. He was called a Nonconformist, but was really as much an Episcopalian as a Presbyterian. In theology he was a moderate Calvinist. During the civil war he was on both sides, and agreed with neither. A chaplain, for a time, in Cromwell's army, he did not approve of many of his acts, and always regarded him as a usurper. At the restoration, with many other moderate dissenters, Baxter was treated very unjustly. He was prohibited from preaching, and persecuted without justifiable cause. Notwithstanding his moderation and piety, he was brought before the infamous Judge Jeffreys upon the charge of sedition. The trial was a shameful perversion of justice. Baxter was pronounced guilty, and remained in prison two years. This was a great hardship, for he was more than seventy years old, and sadly afflicted with sickness.

After the Act of Indulgence, 1687, he lived in peace, and continued to preach and write books until 1691, when he died honored and beloved by all good people, Churchmen as well as dissenters. He was a diligent student, a popular preacher, a successful author, an able theologian, and an exemplary Christian. Had he been born later he would not have suffered persecution, and if he had lived in the early times he would have been canonized as a saint.

The first selection is only a fragment. It illustrates a style of stanza invented by Baxter. If the words included in brackets are sung, it is in long meter; if they are omitted, it is changed to common meter.

PRAISE TO GOD.

JEHOVAH'S praises let us sing
With cheerful heart and [*lively*] voice;
And humbly this our offering bring,
And with due fear [*in Him*] rejoice.

The heavens above, the earth below,
[*Daily*] apparent to our sight,
To mortal man do clearly show
Thy [*perfect*] knowledge, love, and might.

How greatly should this God be feared!
How joyfully [*should He*] be praised!
And how obediently be heard!
And hearts [*in love*] to Him be raised.

THE COVENANT OF FAITH.

MY whole, though broken, heart, O Lord!
From henceforth shall be Thine;
And here I do my vow record:
This hand, these words are mine.
All that I have, without reserve,
I offer here to Thee;
Thy will and honor all shall serve,
That Thou bestowedst on me.

All that exceptions save I lose;
All that I lose I save;
The treasure of Thy love I choose;
And Thou art all I crave.
My God, Thou hast my heart and hand;
I all to Thee resign.
I'll ever to this covenant stand,
Though flesh hereat repine.

I know that Thou wast willing first,
And then madest me consent;
Having thus loved me at the worst,
Thou wilt not now repent.
Now I have quit all self-pretence,
Take charge of what's Thine own,
My life, my health, and my defence,
Now lie on Thee alone.

Now, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
That shall have the same pay?

If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed;
Thy life was in the root.
Long life is a long grief and toil,
And multiplieth faults;
In long wars he may have the foil
That 'scapes in short assaults.

Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long?
Would I long sin against my God,
And His dear mercy wrong?
How much is sinful flesh my foe
That doth my soul pervert?
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steals from God my heart.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

JOHN MASON,

Author of "Glory to God the Father be."

REV. JOHN MASON, M.A.

ONE of the great lights of the seventeenth century was the Rev. John Mason. Richard Baxter called him "the glory of the Church of England." His "Songs of Praise" first appeared in 1683, and went through twenty editions. Watts and Wesley were both familiar with the poetical writings of Mason, as their use of some of his peculiar phrases abundantly proves.

The record of this good man is somewhat meagre. He was a master of arts, a graduate of Cambridge, and began his ministry as a curate at Isham in Northamptonshire. In 1674 he became rector of Water-Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, where he remained to the close of life, in 1694.

His contemporaries tell us that he was a man of fervent spirit, a popular preacher, who won many seals to his ministry. We are assured that his private life was exemplary, his conversation heavenly, and that he gave himself continually to prayer. His hymns are rightly named "Songs of Praise;" from first to last they ring with gladness and thanksgiving. His last words were, "I am full of the loving kindness of the Lord."

It is a pleasure not only to reprint two of the hymns of this man, but to show his pleasant face to the lovers of praise.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

BLEST be my God, that I was born
To hear the joyful sound;
That I was born to be baptized,
And bred on holy ground;
That I was bred where God appears,
In tokens of His grace;
The lines are fallen unto me
In a most pleasant place.

I might have been a pagan bred,
Or else a veilèd Jew,
Or cheated with an Alcoran
Among the Turkish crew.
Dumb pictures might have been my books,
Dark language my devotion;
And so I might with blinded eyes
Have drunk a deadly potion.

So in a dungeon dark as night,
I might have spent my days;
But Thou hast sent me gospel light,
To Thine eternal praise.
The Sun which rose up in the east,
And drove their shades away;
His healing wings have reached the west
And turned our night to day.

England at first an Egypt was,
Since that proud Babel's slave;
At last a Canaan it became,
And then my birth it gave.
Blest be my God, that I have slept
The dismal night away,
Being kept in Providence's womb,
To England's brightest day.

Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear;
I hear such blessed news from heaven,
Nor earth nor hell I fear.

I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die;
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

On high He stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne,
That I with Him may reign.
Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son;
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear His joyful voice.
I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turnèd into songs,
The Comforter is come.

Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.
This makes me Abba, Father, cry,
With confidence of soul;
It makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without control.

There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as a crystal stone.
The stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory, too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,
And hast to me revealed.

I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,
I taste Thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!
Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then should my Lord put forth His hand,
And kindly take me in.

Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last;
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

THOMAS KEN,

Author of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

ONE of the gentlest, truest, grandest men of his age, or any age, was Thomas Ken, author of the familiar doxology. Thousands of doxologies have been written, some of them very excellent, but this has practically crowded them out and become *the* doxology of the Christian world.

Ken was born in Berkhamstead in 1637. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, receiving the degree of M.A. in 1664. Ordained in 1662, he held several livings in various parts of England. In 1672 he became a prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, where he remained several years. He was chaplain to Charles II., and owed his promotion to the bishopric in 1685 to his fidelity. The "Merry Monarch" had the good sense to respect and appreciate a chaplain who dared to tell him his faults.

His loyalty to what he regarded as the right was never questioned. In 1688 he, with six other bishops, refused to publish the "Declaration of Indulgence" issued by King James, and with them was imprisoned in the Tower of London. After the revolution he became a non-juror for conscience' sake, was superseded in office, and spent the rest of his life in retirement.

He died in 1711, at the residence of his friend, Lord Weymouth. After a consultation he asked his physician how long he was likely to live, and receiving the answer, "About two or three days," replied, "God's will be done."

The morning and evening hymns have a world-wide reputation.

MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the sight divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

Awake! awake! Ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will.
O may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply;
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O never then from me depart!
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

EVENING.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply.
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive,
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep!
His love angelical instil;
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

MADAME GUYON,

Author of "My God, how full of sweet content."

JEANNE M. B. DE LA MOTHE GUYON.

MADAME GUYON was born in France in 1648. She belonged to a pious and wealthy family. Her naturally ardent disposition was easily influenced for good or evil. When about ten years of age she found a Bible in her room, and spent whole days in reading and memorizing it. At the age of eleven she made her first communion, and was very happy for a time.

She was beautiful and vain; now very sorry for her sins, and then falling into the same temptations, or others equally obnoxious. When she was a little more than fifteen years old her parents contracted her in marriage to a man twenty-two years her senior. Not long after she found herself married to a man she did not love, and the slave of a tyrannical mother-in-law. She was still pious, after a fashion; very devoted at times, then careless and vain. From her earliest years she had been sinning and repenting, yet hungering and thirsting after righteousness. In her anxiety she consulted a devout Franciscan monk, and told him her trouble. The monk gave her this advice: "Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart and you will find Him."

Not long after she found the soul-rest she had been seeking so many years. Writing her experience she said: "I slept not all that night, because Thy love, O my God! flowed in me like delicious oil; and burned as a fire which was going to devour all that was left of self. . . . I was all on a sudden so altered that I was hardly to be known by myself or others. . . . Nothing was more easy to me now than the practice of prayer. I could hardly do anything else but pray."

The following is a translation of her formal consecration: "I henceforth take Jesus Christ to be mine. I promise to receive Him as a husband to me. And I give myself to Him, unworthy though I am, to be His spouse. I ask of Him, in this marriage of spirit with spirit, that I may be of the same mind with Him, — meek, pure, nothing in myself, and united in God's will. And, pledged as I am to be His, I accept, as a part of my marriage portion, the temptation and sorrows, the crosses and the contempt, which fell on Him."

A beautiful and cultured woman, still young, wealthy, and in good society, she had several advantageous offers of a second marriage, but she refused them all. Desiring only Christ as a spouse, she wrote, "I could reject a king with pleasure."

She was imprisoned three times upon the charge of heresy, the last time in the famous Bastile in Paris. In that dismal dungeon she endured solitary confinement four years. She suffered much physically, but her soul was kept in wonderful peace. In one of her poems, entitled "Love increased by suffering," she wrote these stanzas:

Nor exile I, nor prison fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour everywhere,
His grace in every state.

Nor castle walls nor dungeons deep
Exclude His quickening beams;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes.

After her release from the Bastile she was banished to the city of Blois. Fifteen years later, in 1717, she died in the Lord.

The first of the following poems was written in prison, the second in banishment. It was translated by the poet Cowper.

A LITTLE BIRD.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight and freedom of the soul.

O! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose Providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy and freedom of the mind.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

O THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell they dwell in Thee,—
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remain nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone,
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My Law, my Love, life's only sweet.

I hold by nothing here below:
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppressed by pride,
I feel Thee good,—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise for them.

Ah! then, to His embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

JOSEPH ADDISON,

Author of "The spacious firmament on high."

JOSEPH ADDISON, M.A.

ADDISON, the son of an English clergyman, was born in 1672. He was educated at Oxford, and soon after his graduation, elected a fellow of Magdalen College. He had an early reputation among his contemporaries for learning and ability. It was thought that he would enter the church; but he turned his attention to politics, and rose through several public offices to be Secretary of State, a position which he was soon compelled to resign on account of ill-health.

Addison's fame rests principally upon his essays in the "Tatler" and "Spectator." It is quite possible that his reputation as a writer of hymns — though he wrote only five — may outlast his fame as an essayist. He died in 1719. His last hours were perfectly serene. It is said that he sent for his son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, to witness "in what peace a Christian can die." ("Hymn Studies.")

The first selection is a grand ode, which appeared in the "Spectator" in 1712. It is based upon the first part of the nineteenth Psalm, but it has all the merits of an original composition. The second is a very fine metrical rendering of the twenty-third Psalm. The longer poem appeared in the "Spectator," August 9, 1712.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE HIS GLORY.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine:
The hand that made us is divine.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

GOD'S MERCIES.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?—
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

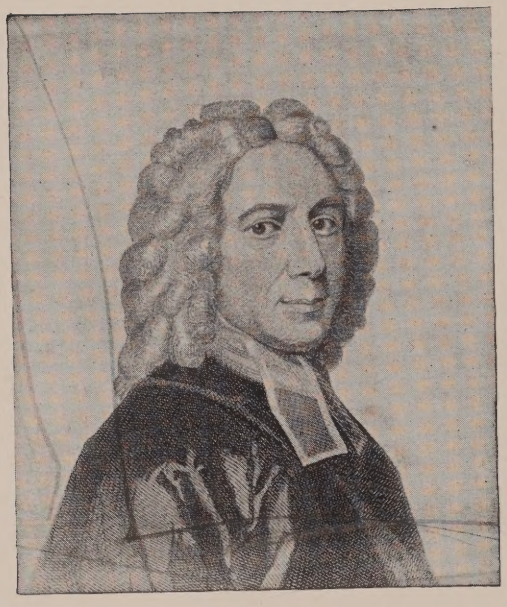
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.



ISAAC WATTS,

"The father of English hymnody."

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

THE beginning of the eighteenth century marks a distinct period in the history of hymnology. The apostle of the new departure was Doctor Isaac Watts. He may, indeed, be considered as the father of English hymnody, for he was the first to see the real need, and in large measure he succeeded in supplying it.

Watts was born in 1674. He was a precocious child; learned to read almost as soon as he could articulate, and wrote verses when a little boy. He was firmly attached to the principles of the Non-conformists, for which his father had suffered imprisonment, and was, therefore, compelled to decline the advantages of the great English universities, which at that time received only Church of England students. He availed himself, however, of the privilege of attending a dissenting academy in London, taught by Mr. Thomas Rowe, where he applied himself to study with uncommon diligence and success. During his school days it was his habit frequently to attempt poetry, both in English and in Latin, according to the custom of the time. In this manner he was unconsciously preparing himself for a long, brilliant, and useful career.

In 1705 he published his first volume of poems. "Horæ Lyricæ" was received with approbation in Great Britain and America, and gave the author, in the opinion of the learned Dr. Johnson, an honorable place among English poets. His "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" appeared in 1707; "Psalms," in 1719; and "Divine Songs for Children," in 1720. One characteristic of Watts' hymns is majesty. He is bold, massive, tremendous. This was not his only style of writing; some of his hymns are very pathetic, for example, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed." Grandeur was his forte, but he could be as simple as a child and as tender as a mother. The same hand that wrote

"Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,"

also wrote the familiar little cradle-song,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

Watts became pastor of an Independent church in London in 1702. He was so feeble that much of the time the work of the parish was done by an assistant, but he held the place nominally until his death, in 1748. Westminster Abbey, that vast mausoleum of England's heroes, statesmen, poets, and saints, has been honored with a memorial of this great, good man. Underneath a bust of the poet, the artist has sculptured Watts sitting at a table writing, while behind and above him an angel is whispering heavenly thoughts. The design is artistic and very appropriate.

GOD EXALTED.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

The lowest step beneath Thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach Thine height with wond'ring eyes.

Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth, from afar, hath heard Thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name:
But O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spread o'er His body on the tree,
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

PSALM CXVII.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

JOHN BYROM,

Author of "Christians! awake, salute the happy morn."

DR. JOHN BYROM, M.A.

JOHN BYROM was as eccentric as his portrait, on the opposite page, appears. He was a native of Manchester, England, born in 1691; a graduate of Cambridge University, receiving the degree of M.A. in 1716. On account of his attachment to the House of Stuart he found it convenient to sojourn in France for a time, where he studied medicine and took a physician's degree, but we do not hear of his ever practising this profession.

While a student at Cambridge he learned shorthand, which he so improved as practically to produce a new system. In 1742, by Act of Parliament, and the decree of King George II., he secured for twenty-one years the sole right of publishing this method of shorthand which he had invented. Byrom taught the Wesleys shorthand, and was numbered among their sympathizers and friends. In his Journal of July 12, 1773, John Wesley wrote: "In my journey from Liverpool I read Dr. Byrom's poems. He has all the wit and humor of Dr. Swift, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding, and, above all, a serious vein of piety."

Byrom wrote poetry not for fame or money, but from a love of it. He died in 1763; but his poems were not published until 1773. His Jacobite lines illustrate his political preferences, and, at the same time, his native wit.

God bless the king, I mean the faith's defender.
God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all; that's quite another thing.

The first selection is a translation from the French of Madame de Bourignon.

A HYMN TO JESUS.

COME, Saviour Jesus! from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

Lord, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
That pants to have no other will,
But night and day to think on Thee.

Where'er Thou leadest, I'll pursue,
Thro' all retirements or employs;
But to the world I'll bid adieu,
And all its vain, delusive joys.

That way with humble speed I'll walk,
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk
Of any other love but Thine.

To Thee my longing heart aspires;
To Thee I offer all my vows;
Keep me from false and vain desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

Henceforth, let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honors, pleasures, or what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as they will, my heart repels,
To Thee alone resolved to live.

Thee one may love, and Thee alone,
With inward peace and holy bliss;
And when Thou tak'st us for Thy own,
Oh, what a happiness is this!

Nor heaven, nor earth do I desire,
Nor mysteries to be revealed;
'Tis love that sets my heart on fire;
Speak Thou the word, and I am healed.

All other graces I resign;
Pleased to receive, pleased to restore:
Grace is Thy *gift*, it shall be mine
The Giver only to adore.

EPIGRAMS

ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which religion taught.
Now, Faith *believed* it firmly to be true;
And Hope *expected* so to find it, too;
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
"*Believe! Expect! I know it to be so.*"

ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

SOME say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

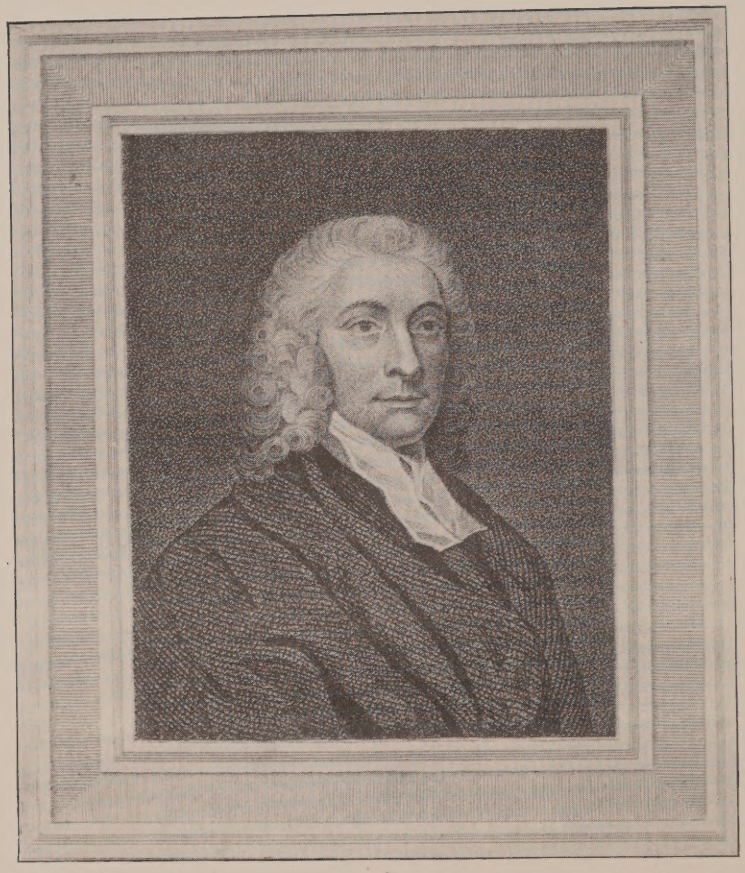
BRIEFLETS.

TIME that is past thou never canst recall;
Of time to come thou art not sure at all;
Time present only is within thy power,—
Now, now improve, then, whilst thou can, the hour.

LET thy repentance be without delay.
If thou defer it to another day
Thou must repent for a day more of sin,
While a day less remains to do it in.

NOR steel, nor flint alone produces fire,
No spark arises till they both conspire;
Nor faith alone, nor work without, is right,
Salvation rises when they both unite.

TO be religious, something it will cost,
Some riches, honors, pleasures, will be lost;
But if thou countest the sum total o'er,
Not to be so will cost a great deal more.



PHILIP DODDRIDGE,

Author of "Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes."

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

DODDRIDGE was born in London in 1702. He was brought up on Bible stories told by his pious mother, and never forgot those lessons of early childhood. He was educated in the best schools of the dissenters, and, in 1729, was placed at the head of a school for the training of young men for the ministry. At the same time he was pastor of a church at Northampton. He succeeded in all he undertook as instructor, preacher, and author. Two of his books, "The Family Expositor" and "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," had a wide circulation, and have been very useful. Mr. Doddridge was a noble man, highly cultured and truly pious.

As a poet and hymn writer this author has not been adequately appreciated. His hymns stand two great tests, — utility and vitality. They are among the most useful in the language, and, though written a century and a half ago, they are still in common and popular use. They possess also much poetic merit, and are well worth careful study. Dr. Doddridge died of consumption in 1751.

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound," has been very popular among the Calvinists. "O happy day that fixed my choice" is a great favorite with the Methodists. "Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell!" is grand, poetic, and scriptural. "Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!" is his masterpiece, known and loved by all.

GRACE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HAPPY DAY.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine:
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest!
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell!
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

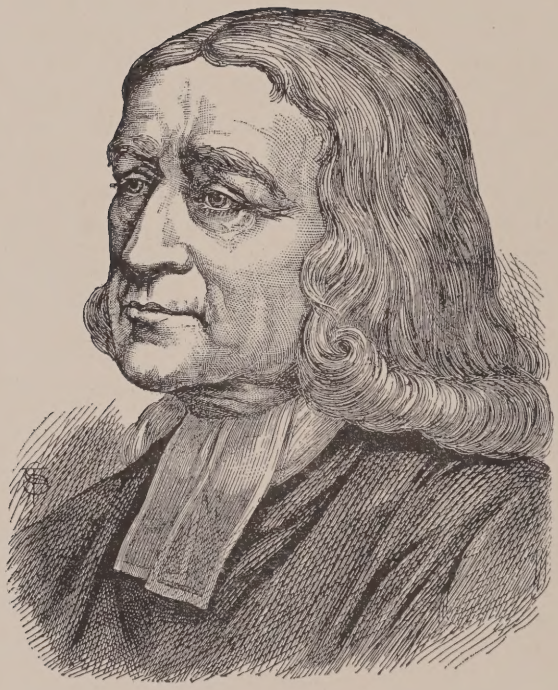
He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
The jub'lee of the Lord;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.



JOHN WESLEY,

Author of "How happy is the pilgrim's lot."

REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

THE name of John Wesley is honored throughout the world. He was born in the rectory of Epworth, in 1703, and was piously instructed by his parents. In 1714 he was placed at the Charter-house School, London, where he was a diligent and successful student. In 1720, when seventeen years old, he was removed to Christ Church, Oxford. Here he became an accomplished classical scholar. In 1725 he was ordained deacon, and in the following year was elected to a Fellowship in Lincoln College. He received the degree of Master of Arts in 1727, and in 1728 was ordained a priest in the Church of England.

In 1729 a few students at Oxford banded together to attend the Sacrament regularly every week, and to observe the method of study proscribed by the University. This conduct brought upon them the sneers of their fellow-students, and the now honorable name of "Methodists." This band was organized by Charles Wesley in the absence of his brother; but when John Wesley returned he became its acknowledged leader, and its membership soon increased.

In 1735 John Wesley and his brother Charles came to Georgia, as ministers to the colonists and missionaries to the natives; but after nearly two years of unsatisfactory labor, returned to England. At this time Wesley knew not the power of experimental religion. He said: "I went to America to convert the Indians; but oh! who shall convert me? Who is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief?" He dated his spiritual life from May 24, 1738. For a long time he had been seeking rest of soul, and had been instructed in the way of faith by pious Moravians. On the evening of this day he attended a meeting in London, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. "About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely warmed;* I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

From this time, for fifty-three years, until his triumphant death, in 1791, he was a tireless laborer in the Master's vineyard. He was the first man who had the holy audacity to say, "The world is my parish." He was an *apostle extraordinary*, raised up of God to head the Reformation of the eighteenth century, as was Martin Luther that of the sixteenth. ("Hymn Studies.")

John Wesley deserves a place among hymnists, if for no other reason, for his translations of German hymns, of which there are thirty-two. We give a specimen of these translations, and also his poem entitled "The Pilgrim," which is undoubtedly autobiographic.

THE BELIEVER'S SUPPORT.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

THE PILGRIM.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole;
Only betrothed to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim;
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight, —
A country in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

"I come," Thy servant, Lord, replies,
"I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest.
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!"

LADY HUNTINGDON,

Author of "When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come."

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

LADY SELINA SHIRLEY, the daughter of Washington, the second Earl Ferrers, was born in 1707. She was serious as a child and habitually prayerful. In 1728 she married Earl Huntingdon. The earl and countess lived very happily together until the death of the former, in 1746.

A sister of Lady Huntingdon attended some of the preaching services of the Methodists out of curiosity. She became awakened, and converted, and was the means of the awakening of Lady Huntingdon, who, after great distress of soul, and long seeking, found peace in believing. She was one of the first, if not the very first, of the nobility to acknowledge the name of "Methodist." She attended the meetings at Fetter Lane, and became a member of the first Methodist Society.

In 1744 Lady Huntingdon was afflicted by the death of two sons, and two years later lost her noble husband. This threefold affliction she bore with Christian fortitude, and, instead of giving way to unavailing grief, consecrated herself anew to Christ and His service. About 1748 Whitefield and the Wesleys disagreed upon the doctrines of election and reprobation, and Lady Huntingdon, while she fellowshipped all zealous Christians, became the patroness and co-laborer of those who were of the Calvinistic faith. In 1748 she appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains. This date may mark the beginning of what was called the "Lady Huntingdon Connection." Her house was a Bethel, and she was a lady bishop, directing a large and growing work. Her zeal was genuine; in 1760 she sold her jewels, having no other available means, and with the proceeds built a chapel at Brighton. In her charitable and gospel work she expended one hundred thousand pounds, — about half a million dollars. This use of money, however, was the least of her gifts: she gave time, thought, labor, her reputation, and her life, for the good of others.

On the sixty-first anniversary of her birth, 1768, Lady Huntingdon opened Trevecca House, in South Wales, as a School of Prophets. Rev. George Whitefield preached the dedication sermon. The saintly Fletcher, of Madely, was the first president. Here she supported and educated young men to teach and preach in the chapels that she built among the needy. Her ambition was to do good. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," said she was the "most precious saint of God" he everknew. King George said, "I wish there were a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in England."

We do not claim that she was a perfect character: she had her weaknesses and prejudices, for she was human, but she was a Christian notwithstanding. A striking illustration of her Christian spirit is seen in the fact that when, in 1752, Mrs. Charles Wesley was taken ill, at Bristol, with the small-pox, Lady Huntingdon went from Bath and

attended her personally until she was out of danger. Most people would have been contented to remain away, or to hire some one to assume the care and risk.

We naturally expect that the sunset of a Christian life will be beautiful, with a bright prophecy of a fair to-morrow. In her last illness Lady Huntingdon could say, "All the little ruffles and difficulties which surround me, and all the pains I am exercised with, in this poor body, through mercy, affect not the settled peace and joy of my soul." Almost her last words were, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." She died, June 17, 1791, at the age of eighty-three.

The following hymn appeared in one of the early editions of Lady Huntingdon's Collection of Hymns. The authorship has been doubted by some hymnologists, but it will continue in her name unless positive proof to the contrary is presented. The text is from Rippon's Selection, 1787.

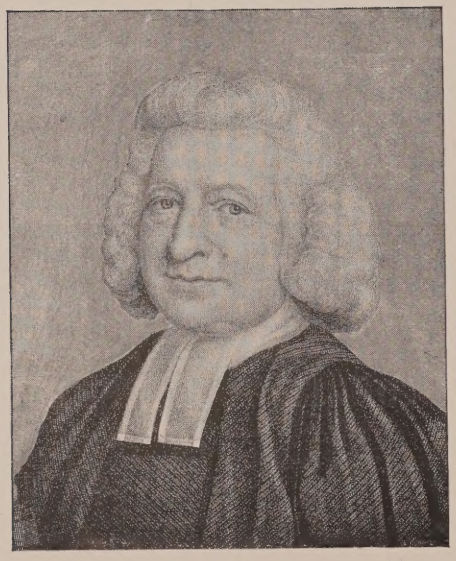
THE JUDGMENT DAY.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought:
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.



CHARLES WESLEY,

"The poet of Methodism."

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

"THE poet of Methodism" is too narrow a designation for this author: he might properly be called the poet of Christendom, for the Christian world is vastly indebted to Charles Wesley for many of its most valuable hymns. For the first place among English hymnists he has never had but one competitor. Hymnologists have sometimes instituted a comparison between the hymns of Wesley and those of Watts. Some have given the preference to one, and some to the other. We must remember that these men were not rivals. They were too good, too great, and too unlike, to be antagonists. They were both princes, aye, kings of song, but each in his own realm. Watts' great theme was divine majesty, and no one approaches him in excellence upon this subject. Wesley's grandest theme was love, the love of God, and here he had no rival.

Charles Wesley was born in Epworth, England, December 18, 1707. He was educated at Westminster School and Oxford University. It was while a student at Christ Church College that Wesley and a few associates, by strict attention to duty and exemplary conduct, won for themselves the derisive epithet of "Methodists." He was ordained a priest in the Church of England in 1735, but was not converted, according to his own statement, until Whitsunday, May 21, 1738. He wrote: "The Spirit of God strove with my own and the evil spirit, till by degrees He chased away the darkness of my unbelief." He tells his own experience beautifully in the hymn beginning,

"And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood."

Charles Wesley's hymns may be generally classified as follows: Hymns of Christian experience, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," is an example; invitation hymns, of which "Come, sinners, to the gospel feast," is a good specimen; sanctification hymns, "O for a heart to praise my God," is one of them; funeral hymns, "Rejoice for a brother deceased;" and hymns on the love of God, a subject on which he never became weary. "Wrestling Jacob" represents the last class, and as we give it unaltered and entire, it is the only selection for which we have room.

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

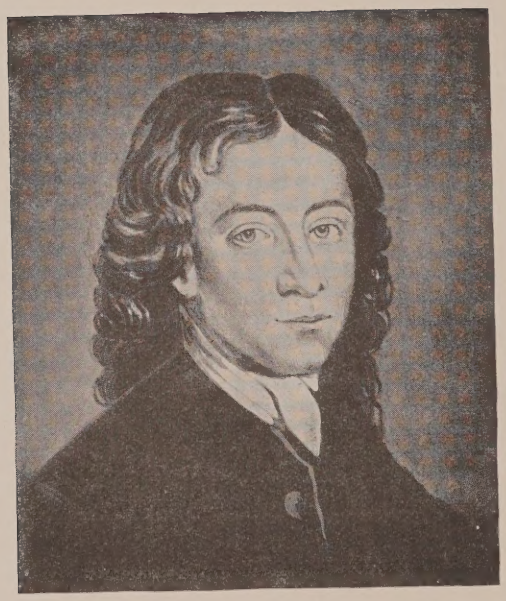
My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.



JOHN CENNICK,

Author of "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb."

REV. JOHN CENNICK.

IT affords us great pleasure to be able to give a portrait of the author of "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," "Children of the heavenly King," and other valuable hymns.

Cennick was born at Reading, England, in 1718. In early life he attended the services of the Church of England, of which his parents were members. Afterwards he broke away from the restraints of home, and for three or four years was a lover of sinful amusements. When about seventeen years old he became deeply distressed on account of his sins, and after two years of seeking found the way of peace in believing. He described his long seeking and joyous finding in the hymn beginning "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

Soon after his conversion he became acquainted with the Wesleys, and in 1739 took charge of their school at Kingswood. Within two years he accepted the doctrines of Calvinism, and because he would teach and preach contrary to the views of the Wesleys, he was dismissed. For a few years he labored with great success as an evangelist in connection with Whitefield, but in 1745 united with the Moravians, and labored with zeal, mostly in the north of Ireland, until his early and lamented death, in 1755. His biographer, Rev. Matthew Wilks, said: "He possessed a sweet simplicity of spirit, with an ardent zeal in the cause of his Divine Master. . . . Unaffected humility, deadness to the world, a life of communion with God, and a cheerful reliance on a crucified Saviour, characterized the man."

The valuable hymns mentioned above can be found in almost any collection. The selections here given are less familiar.

I LOVE THE LORD.

I LOVE the Lord who died for me;
I love His grace divine and free;
I love the Scriptures, there I read,
Christ lovèd me, and for me bled.

I love His tears and sufferings great;
I love His precious bloody sweat;
I love His blood, was not that spilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

I love to hear that He was slain;
I love His every grief and pain;
I love to contemplate by faith
Upon His meritorious death.

I love Mount Calvary, where His love
Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk His dolorous way;
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

I love His people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit He sent down.

I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with Him at home,
And praise Him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

TE DEUM.

WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Who saved us by Thy grace;
We praise Thee, Son of man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

We Thee acknowledge, God and Lord,
Father ere time began;
Thou art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God,
Of all immortal hosts!

The cherubim and seraphim
Continual sing to Thee;
The worlds, and all the powers therein,
Adore Thy majesty.

The prophets, goodly fellowship,
In milky garments drest,
Praise Thee, Thou holy God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thy everlasting name.

Through all the world Thy churches join
To acknowledge Thee the head;
Father of majesty divine,
Who every power hast made.

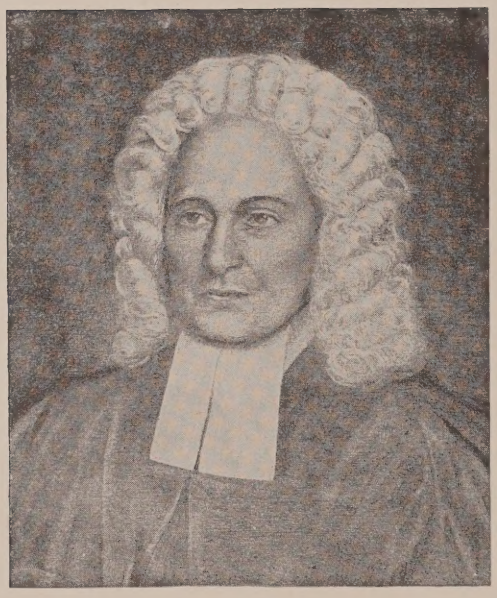
Also Thy true and only Son
Thy family confess;
King of Thy saints, in us made known,
The Lord our righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
The Spirit of the Lord;
The Comforter, whose kindling rays
Our dying souls restored.

Thou, Jesus, didst not once abhor
The virgin Mary's womb;
But took'st her flesh, and then in power
Didst death and sin o'ercome.

The kingdom then Thou openedst wide,
For all who should believe;
Thy wounds were doors; Thy hands, feet, side
To sinners entrance give.

Among their number we presume,
Saved by Thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the world to come,
O everlasting God!



SAMUEL DAVIES,

Author of "Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine."

REV. SAMUEL DAVIES, A.M.

MR. DAVIES was a Presbyterian minister. He was born in the State of Delaware, November 3, 1723. His mother, a superior woman, named him Samuel, because, like the prophet of old, he was a child of prayer. He became a Christian in early life, and, no doubt in answer to the prayers of his pious mother, looked forward to a career of usefulness in the gospel ministry. Educational advantages in America at that early day were not as good as at the present time, but Mr. Davies spent five years in the school of the Rev. Samuel Blair, which was designed especially to prepare for the ministry.

In 1747 he was ordained as an evangelist. His field of labor was mostly in Virginia, though he preached in Delaware, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. He visited England in 1753, at the request of the trustees of Princeton College, to raise money for that institution. He was a patriotic citizen as well as a clergyman. During the French and Indian war his sermons and addresses encouraged many volunteers to enlist in the service of the country. Mr. Davies prepared his sermons with great care, saying on one occasion, "It is a dreadful thing to talk nonsense in the name of the Lord."

He was chosen president of Princeton in 1759, as the successor of Jonathan Edwards. For many years he had been inclined to consumption, the change from the work of the ministry, which required long journeys on horseback, to the comparatively sedentary work of the presidency, was not favorable to his health, and he died February 4, 1761, having served in his office only eighteen months. The sermons of Mr. Davies were prepared for the press by Rev. Thomas Gibbons, of London. They have passed through many editions, and are read with profit to this day.

The hymns given below are very fine. We are indebted to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., publishers of "The Princeton Book," for the portrait of Mr. Davies.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to Thee beyond recall;
Accept Thine own so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield.

Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace, —
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

Be Thou the witness of my vow,
Angels and men attest it too,
That to Thy board I now repair,
And seal the sacred contract there.

Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

THE UNIVERSAL CALL OF GOD TO REPENTANCE.

HARK! from the skies the great command
Sounds through the earth abroad:
Repent, ye sons of men, repent,
Return unto your God!

The times of ignorance are past,
The gospel day now shines;
The sovereign Judge no more o'erlooks,
But marks down all your crimes.

Sinners on thrones, in cottages,
All on this guilty ball,
Whate'er you are, where'er you be,
This charge includes you all.

Come thousands, then, come all mankind,
Fall at your Sovereign's feet;
With broken hearts, and weeping eyes,
Approach the mercy seat.

There sits the sin-forgiving God,
And spreads His arms to all;
There His free pardons deals abroad
To each who hears His call.

There, Lord, with crowds of penitents,
Would we appear and mourn;
O draw us by Thy powerful grace,
And then shall we return.

THE GLORIES OF GOD.

GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.

Refrain.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honor share.

Refrain.

Angels and men resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.

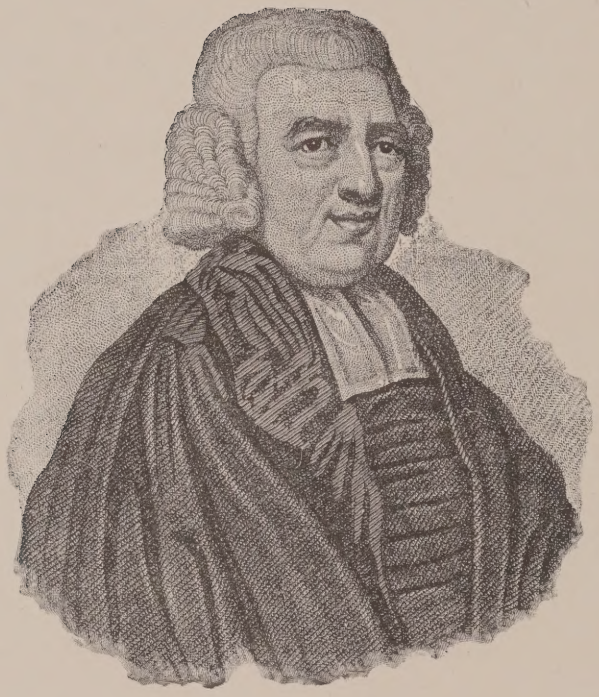
Refrain.

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,—
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.

Refrain.

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic hosts above!

Refrain.



JOHN NEWTON,

Author of "Safely through another week."

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

THIS author has given us many useful hymns and a few of special value. Newton was born in London in 1725; his pious mother died when he was only seven years old. He followed a seafaring life for twenty years, serving in various positions, from cabin-boy to captain. Newton became very profane and wicked, but could not all at once forget the early instructions of his mother. He said, "I took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four different times before I was sixteen years old." Subsequently he became an infidel, and desperately wicked, according to his own statement.

A long and violent storm at sea in 1748 was the means of his conversion. In 1755 he was appointed tide-surveyor at the port of Liverpool, — a position affording much leisure, which was improved in study. He became a zealous lay worker. A curacy being offered him, he applied to the Bishop of York for orders, but was gently refused because of his age — being then thirty-three — and irregular education. In 1764 he obtained the curacy of Olney, and was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln. After sixteen years of labor at Olney, he became rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, where he remained until his death, in 1807.

In 1790 Princeton College gave him the degree of D.D., which he saw fit to decline, saying, "It would be both vain and improper were I to concur in it." Newton entered the ministry late in life: he was forty when ordained a priest, and his early education was very defective; but he was a diligent student of books and of men, and being able to labor until he reached fourscore, he accomplished more than many who had enjoyed far greater advantages. Newton was an acknowledged leader of the Evangelical school of the Church of England, — a pious, affectionate, and practical man.

Among the most valuable and familiar of his hymns are the following: "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;" "Safely through another week;" "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" and "Glorious things of Thee are spoken." The first of the selections given below is evidently autobiographic.

LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

A second look He gave which said,
"I freely all forgive,
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live."

Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon, too.

With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

JESUS MY ALL.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field,
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

AMAZING GRACE.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

THOMAS OLIVERS,

Author of "The God of Abrah'm praise."

REV. THOMAS OLIVERS.

IT is with great pleasure that we present a satisfactory portrait of this remarkable man. Olivers was born in Tregoman, Wales, in 1725. Early in life he was left an orphan. Distant relatives brought him up in an indifferent manner. He was sent to school for a time, and his religious education was not altogether neglected. As he grew older he became very profane, and at length ran away from his master, a shoemaker, to whom he was apprenticed. The drinking vagabond, for such he was, in his wicked career arrived in Bristol, where Whitefield had an appointment to preach. Olivers went to hear him, and was converted. "When the sermon began," he says, "I was one of the most abandoned and profligate young men living; before it was ended, I was a new creature."

From that time onward he lived a new life, joined the Methodists, and in 1753 became one of Wesley's itinerant preachers. Clear, strong, and sometimes fiery, he was the man for the times, and for forty-six years made full proof of his ministry. ("Hymn Studies.")

Olivers wrote only a few hymns, but those few are of a high order. His masterpiece is "The God of Abrah'm praise." James Montgomery said of it, "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elaborate thought, or more glorious imagery." The Rev. John Julian, editor-in-chief of the "Dictionary of Hymnology," regards this as extravagant praise, and claims that the poem was "built up from the metrical form of the Hebrew creed." In reply, it is only necessary to say that the "Yigdal," or Hebrew creed, contains only twenty-six short lines, the poem of Olivers ninety-six, and the resemblance between them is very faint.

"Hymn Studies" says of this lyric: "The theme is the grandest possible, and the execution is in keeping with it. The author begins in a daring strain, and he never flags, but from line to line, and from stanza to stanza, he sings and soars, and soars and sings of God and heaven like one inspired."

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed!
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blessed.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART SECOND.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

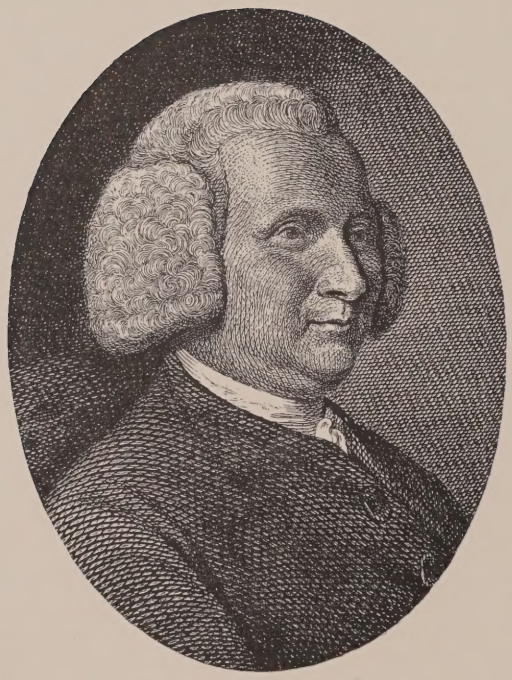
PART THIRD.

Before the great Three-One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah — Father — great I AM!
We worship Thee."

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace
Forever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.



SAMUEL STENNETT,

Author of "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, D.D.

THIS man, belonging to a race of eminent Baptist ministers, was born in England in 1727. He was well educated, and an early subject of converting grace. At the age of twenty he became his father's assistant in Little Wild Street, London, and upon the death of his father, in 1758, was chosen his successor, — a position which he held thirty-seven years, until his death, in 1795.

Rippon's "Baptist Register" says of him: "He was formed by nature and grace for the distinguished figure he afterward made. To the strength of natural faculties, vigor of imagination, and acuteness of judgment, of which he was possessed, he had added, from his earliest years, so close an attention to reflection and study, that there was scarcely a topic in science or literature, in religion, or even politics, but he seemed to have investigated." He received the degree of D.D. from King's College, Aberdeen, in 1763.

In his last sickness Dr. Stennett prayed that God would give him an easy passage out of this life, and his request was granted. Some vinegar given him for a gargle reminded him of the dying Saviour, and with deep emotion he quoted the words of sacred history: "And in His thirst they gave Him vinegar to drink." Then he said, "What He did and suffered are now my only support."

Dr. Stennett contributed thirty-nine hymns to "Rippon's Selection," in 1787. Some of them are very familiar. "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand" is a great favorite; "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned" is very happily expressed; "'Tis finished,' so the Saviour cried," is a valuable Good Friday hymn. Those we give are equally good, though less familiar.

PROFESSION OF LOVE TO CHRIST.

AND have I, Christ, no love for Thee,
No passion for Thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within His arms?

Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To Him whose generous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine?

Can I pronounce His charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

A very wretch, Lord, I should prove
Had I no love for Thee;
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

A SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

TO God the universal King
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretched o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its builder's fame.

Here the bright sun that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sovereignty of God.

When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night the praise prolong.

The listening earth with rapture hears
The harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

But man, endowed with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

THE CONVERTED THIEF.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at His side.

His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

"Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in Thy blood.

"Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph Thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

"Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of Thy death
Let me a sharer be."

His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

THE PENITENT.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to Thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

Oh, let not justice frown me hence!
Stay, stay the vengeful storm!
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed;
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

WILLIAM COWPER,

Author of "There is a fountain filled with blood."

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

COWPER was not only the most famous poet of his age, but subsequent generations are greatly indebted to him as the forerunner of a new school of poets, who have brought poetry back to nature. Cowper's "Task" made him famous, but he is better known to-day as the author of a few excellent hymns.

He was an Englishman, born in 1731, and lived until 1800. His early life was irregular, to say the least. In boyhood, according to his autobiography, he was an adept at lying, and soon learned to use profanity. Though piously brought up, and confirmed in the Church of England, he was little better than an infidel. He was naturally morbid and inclined to insanity. When about thirty years of age he began to suffer severely from the upbraidings of conscience and the conviction of the Holy Spirit. He felt that nothing but murder was wanting to fill up the measure of his iniquities. He attempted suicide several times, and failed apparently only from lack of physical courage. It was found necessary to send him to an asylum for the insane, where he remained about two years. It was there that he found Christ as a Physician for his spiritual, and in a measure for his mental, maladies. Soon after this experience he wrote one of his grandest hymns; the author's title was, "Praise for the Fountain Opened." No doubt in this hymn Cowper gave his personal experience and testimony.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

"O for a closer walk with God!" is a genuine heart-song; "God moves in a mysterious way" is a favorite with many. A great literary critic and author, the late James T. Fields, of Boston, said that to write such a hymn as that was "an achievement that an angel might envy."

In one of his hymns, entitled "Retirement," he showed his love for solitude.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee."

He loved to commune with nature, and his sensitive soul found God in secret places.

"There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

The world has seen only one Cowper. His lot was a strange one: early an orphan, terrorized at school, unsuccessful in his profession (the law), disappointed in love, shut up with madmen, broken in health, he was an object of pity, and at the same time of envy, for he was that new Christian poet of whom he sang so sweetly:

> "'Twere new indeed to see a bard, all fire,
> Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume the lyre,
> And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
> With more than mortal music on his tongue,
> That He who died below and reigns above
> Inspires the song, — and that His name is Love."

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on His wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people, too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

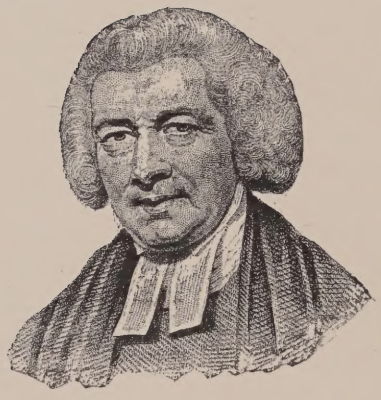
ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourished by Thy word;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want His bounty gives,
By whom my soul forever lives.

Either His hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means Thy praise, however poor:
An angel's song can do no more.



THOMAS HAWEIS,

Author of "From the cross uplifted high."

REV. THOMAS HAWEIS, M.D.

THOMAS HAWEIS was born in Truro, England, in 1732. He was inclined to be gay and worldly, but early in life became a subject of divine grace, and throughout his long and useful career he was identified with the evangelical party in the Church of England. He studied medicine and took the degree of M.D., but gave up this honorable profession for the higher calling of a minister of Christ. He was a graduate of Oxford University, and in 1772 received the degree of LL.B. from Cambridge.

In 1757 he became curate of St. Mary Magdalen Church, Oxford. His zeal and devotion secured a large attendance, and many students and other persons became experimentally pious; but his fervor in preaching offended some people: he was called a "Methodist," and soon deprived of his curacy by the then Bishop of Oxford.

He became rector of All-Saints, Aldwinkle, in 1764, a position which he held fifty-six years, until his death, in 1820. By birth, education, and by the grace of God, Dr. Haweis was a gentleman. He was a friend, and one of the chaplains, of Lady Huntingdon, and one of the founders of the London Missionary Society. His liberality and fellowship with dissenters displeased some of his High Church friends, but he had the testimony that he pleased God.

He was the author of several prose works, now forgotten, and wrote a book of hymns, entitled "Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour." The first edition, 1792, contained only one hundred and thirty-nine hymns. It was enlarged in 1808. The selections that follow are well worthy of close study.

COME AND WELCOME.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on my ravished ear:
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid.
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day.
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

REMEMBER ME.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning on my burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see.
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear! and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

The hour is near, consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me.

TELLING OF HIS SALVATION.

TO Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings.
I'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleasèd Thou shalt hear,
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

By Thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode.
There cast my crown before Thee,
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee;
What can an angel more?

DAY OF PENTECOST.

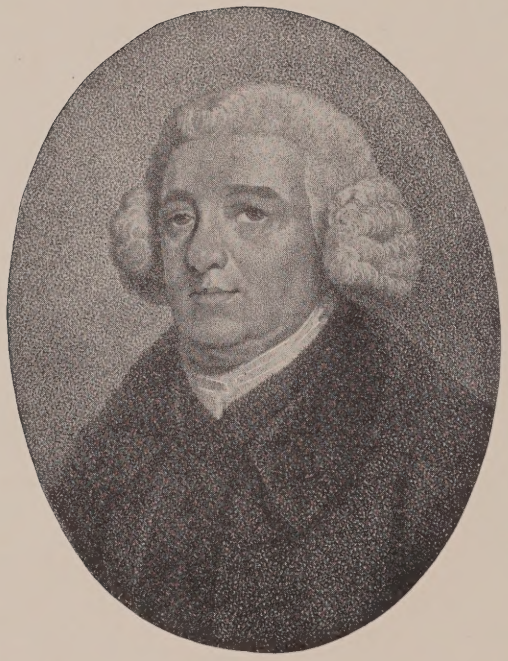
ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.



SAMUEL MEDLEY,

Author of "O could I speak the matchless worth."

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

THIS hymn-writer was born in Cheshunt, England, in 1738. He was brought up piously, and enjoyed good educational advantages in boyhood. In 1755 he enlisted in the Royal Navy as a midshipman. Active and ambitious, he became a favorite with officers and men, and was made master's mate. His position was not favorable to piety, and he became very profane and wicked. In a severe engagement with the French fleet off Cape Lagos, in 1759, he was dangerously wounded. His trouble led him to remember the God of his youth, and he prayed earnestly that his life might be spared.

When the fleet was ordered home, young Medley was taken to his grandfather, then residing in London. Here he came again under religious influences, and was compelled to listen to faithful admonitions and solemn warnings. One of Dr. Watts' sermons, read to him on a Sabbath evening by his pious grandfather, was the means of his spiritual awakening, and soon after he joined a Baptist church in London. On recovering from his wound he engaged in study and teaching. In 1767 he accepted a call to preach in Watford, and five years later was settled in Liverpool, where he remained until his death, in 1799.

Medley was very successful in the ministry, and a large new chapel was built for him in 1789. His hymns, two hundred and thirty in number, were collected and published in 1800. Some of them had already been in use for years. "O what amazing words of grace!" appeared in Toplady's Collection in 1776. "O could I speak the matchless worth!" is certainly one of the finest hymns in the language.

MAKE HIS PRAISE GLORIOUS.

NOT of terrestrial mortal themes,
Not of the world's delusive dreams,
My soul attempts to sing;
But of that theme divinely true,
Ever delightful, ever new,
My Jesus and my King.

O could I speak the matchless worth!
O could I sound the glories forth!
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

Upon the theme I'd ever dwell,
And in transporting raptures tell
What I in Jesus see;
I'd sing with more than mortal voice,
And lose my life amidst the joys
Of what He is to me.

Prostrate before His throne I'd fall,
And bless His holy name for all
The riches of His grace;
I'd sing how glorious power subdued,
I'd sing how sovereign love renewed,
The vilest of the race.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

But ah! I'm still in clay confined,
And mortal passions clog my mind,
And downward drag me still;
O when shall I attain the skies,
And to immortal glories rise
On Zion's heavenly hill?

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new, —
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

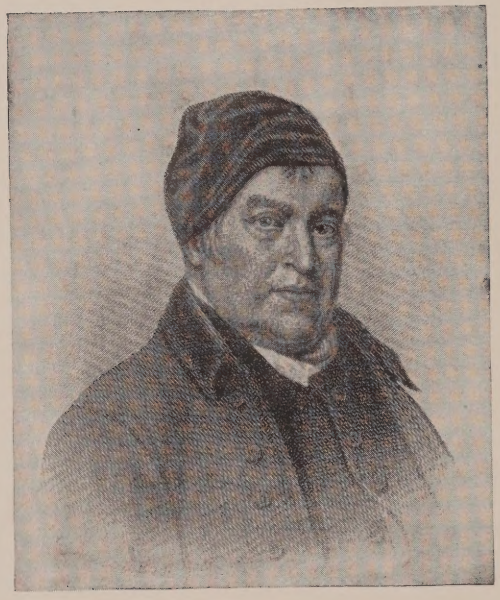
Wrapt in the silence of the night,
The world in darkness lay,
When sudden, glorious, heavenly light
Burst in a flood of day.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.



JOHN FAWCETT,

Author of "Blest be the tie that binds."

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, D.D.

"BLEST be the tie that binds" is sung very frequently in token of Christian love and fellowship. The author was born in England in 1739. When about sixteen years of age he came under the influence of the great Methodist revival. A sermon preached by Whitefield, upon John iii. 14, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc., was the means of his conversion. He was an earnest and active Christian from the first.

Fawcett accepted a call to a small Baptist church, and was ordained in 1765. A few years later he supplied for a time the pulpit of Dr. Gill, in London, who was ill. After the death of the Doctor the church extended a call to Mr. Fawcett. To be called from a weak country church to a strong city parish was a great honor; naturally enough he thought it a providential opening to a larger field of usefulness, and made his plans to move to London. His people at Wainsgate, however, were so afflicted at the thought of losing him, that they begged him with tears in their eyes not to leave them. Dr. Belcher, in telling the story, says: "The last wagon was being loaded when the good man and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases to weep. Looking into his tearful face, while tears like rain fell down her own cheeks, his devoted wife said, 'O John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go.'—'Neither do I,' said the good man, 'nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put everything in the place where it was before.'" His most famous hymn, "Blest be the tie," etc., is said to have grown out of this experience. In 1777 a new chapel was built. Soon after he opened a boarding-school in his residence, Brearly Hall, for the education of youth and the better support of his family.

A number of books came from his pen, the most important of which were, "Hymns adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion," 1782, and the "Devotional Family Bible," 1811. He received the honorary degree of D.D. in 1811, from Brown University. Dr. Fawcett died in Christian triumph in 1817.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

BEFORE SERMON.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

Chorus.

Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

To us the sacred Word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

Father, in us Thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do Thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTED soul, to Jesus dear,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful Word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

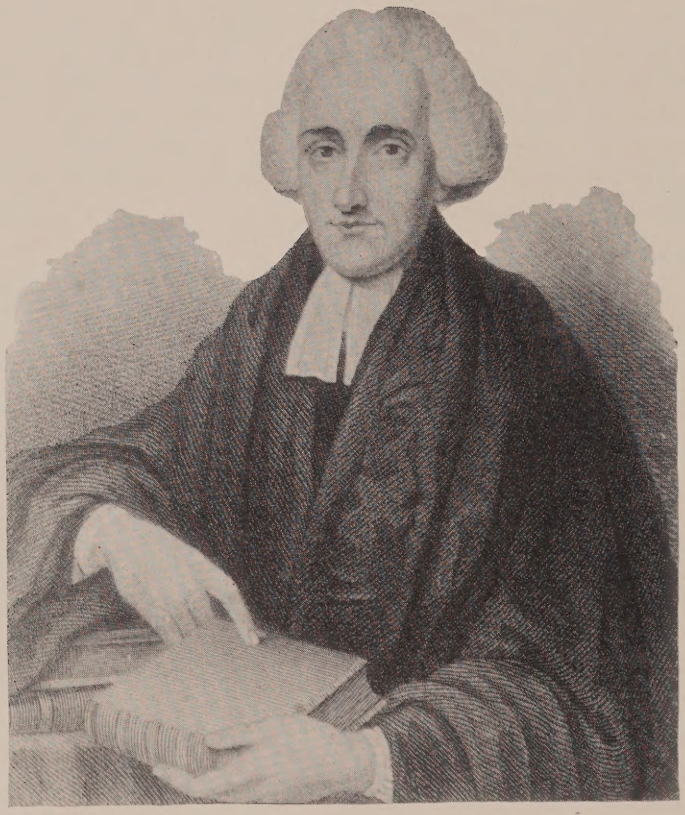
Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
Yet sure the conflict shan't be long:
Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

The Christian race with patience run,
Till grace complete the work begun;
Wrestle and strive for victory,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fear subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.



AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY,

Author of "Rock of Ages."

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, M.A.

NEXT to a personal acquaintance, a good portrait is the best means of gaining a correct impression of a man. The hymn "Rock of Ages" is a universal favorite, yet very few people ever saw an engraving of the author.

Touching incidents connected with this hymn are numerous. It is so full of the spirit of prayer and true humility that it naturally meets the need of the Christian soul in the hour of extremity. In 1866 the steamship "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay. The last man that escaped said, that when he left the ship the passengers were singing

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Augustus Montague Toplady was an Englishman, born November 4, 1740. He prepared for the University at Westminster School, and subsequently was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. While on a visit in Ireland in his sixteenth year he was awakened and converted at a service held in a barn in Codymain. The text was Eph. ii. 13, "But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The preacher was an illiterate, but warm-hearted, layman named Morris. Concerning this experience Toplady wrote: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous."

Toplady was ordained in 1762; in 1768 he became vicar of Broadhembury, a small living in Devonshire, which he held until his early death, in 1778. The last two or three years of his life he passed in London, where he preached in a chapel on Orange Street. His last sickness was of such a character that he was able to make a repeated and emphatic dying testimony. A short time before his death he asked his physician what he thought. The reply was that his pulse showed that his heart beat weaker almost every day. Toplady replied with a smile, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and blessed be God, I can add, that my heart beats stronger and stronger every day for glory." To another friend he said, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. . . . My prayers are all converted into praise." He died of consumption, August 11, 1778.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

MEDITATION.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid.

Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.

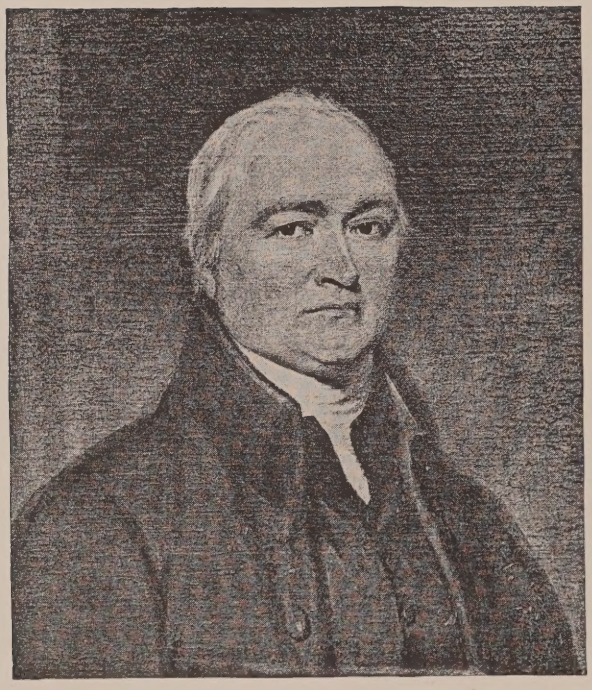
Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

. . . . . .

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the Fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away!



TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Author of "I love Thy kingdom, Lord."

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D.

THIS distinguished theologian and educator was well born, well brought up, well educated, and, being "born again" in early life, it is not strange that he became a conspicuous and useful man.

He was born in Northampton, Mass., 1752; entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and was graduated with honor in 1769. He taught school several years, declined political preferment, and in 1783 accepted a call as pastor of a church at Greenfield, Conn.

In 1785 he published an ambitious epic poem, the first of the kind produced in America, entitled "The Conquest of Canaan," which he dedicated to George Washington, "Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, the saviour of his country, the supporter of freedom, and the benefactor of mankind."

He was elected president of Yale College in 1795, a position which he filled with distinguished success until his death, in 1817. His presidency marked a new era in the history of the college, and the subsequent honorable position of the institution has been due largely to his piety and wisdom. The excellent portrait on the opposite page we reproduce from the "Yale Book," by permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., New York.

President Dwight contributed thirty-three hymns to his edition of Watts' Psalms, edited in 1800. One of them, "I love Thy kingdom, Lord," is of superior value; it can be found in almost any hymnal. The patriotic ode given below was written while he was a chaplain in the army in the darkest period of the Revolution. Some of its startling predictions now seem to have been truly prophetic.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

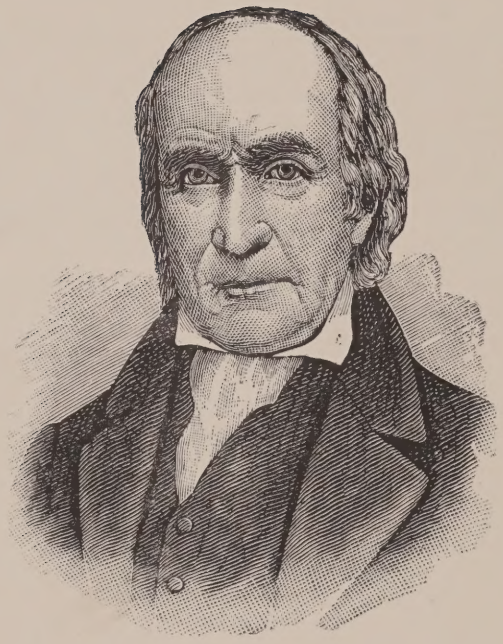
To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world by thy laws
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the oceans obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed;
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung:
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!



JOHN LELAND,

Author of "The day is past and gone."

REV. JOHN LELAND.

ELDER JOHN LELAND was born in Grafton, Mass., in 1754. As a youth he had a keen thirst for knowledge, but his opportunities for gaining an education were not liberal. He had access to few books, but he read the Bible a great deal. His religious convictions were strong, yet he refused to submit to Christ until eighteen years of age, when he made a profession of religion, and joined a Baptist church. With other young men he began at once to hold neighborhood meetings, and soon after felt personally called to preach the gospel.

At that time, the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the original United States were sparsely inhabited, and the labor of ministers of all denominations, except in the larger towns and cities, was "pioneer" work. In September, 1776, he was married, and immediately started for Virginia, where he labored with varying success for fifteen years. In 1791 he returned to New England, travelling extensively, and preaching as he found opportunity, usually evenings, in the houses of the people. When he had been a minister for fifty years, he wrote: "I have preached in four hundred and thirty-six meeting-houses, thirty-seven court-houses, several capitols, many academies and school-houses, barns, tobacco-houses, and dwelling-houses, and hundreds of times on stages in the open air. My congregations have consisted of from five hearers to ten thousand. I have preached not far from eight thousand sermons, and the number of persons that I have baptized is one thousand two hundred and seventy-eight." If America is a Christian land to-day, it is due more to the heroic pioneer preachers than to anything else. Leland was also a prolific writer; he published and circulated in pamphlet form more than thirty different sermons and addresses on religious subjects.

Quite a number of his hymns are found in the social meeting books of the first part of the present century, but they have mostly disappeared in the battle of the "survival of the fittest." One of these "spiritual songs" continued in popular use down to the present generation. Some will readily remember it, and the pathos and effect with which it was sung

"Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven He's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

"Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?
Can you thrust Him from your arms?
Once He died for your behavior,
Now He calls you by His charms."

During the winter of 1788–89 Mr. Leland was engaged in evangelistic services in Virginia. That was long before the days of baptisteries in this country. Immersions were frequently made through ice strong enough to hold up the people. On one such occasion Elder Leland composed the following stanzas to encourage the converts:

"Christians, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe and be baptized.

"Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the cross for sinners due;
Children, prove your love to Him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

"Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal."

This extemporized hymn found a place in the hymn-books of the day, and was a great favorite with the people.

The only hymn of permanent value which he wrote is the one given below. It has had a very wide circulation in America, and has become almost a classic. To be the author of one such hymn, capable of holding its place in the hearts of the people for a hundred years, entitles Elder Leland to a place among distinguished hymnists. The oldest copies are found written in the singular number throughout, but it was changed very early. We give it as found in his biography, 1845. He died in 1841.

EVENING HYMN.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love!

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

Author of "Forever with the Lord."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE greatest Christian poet and hymn-writer of the nineteenth century was James Montgomery. He was the son of a Moravian minister, a native of Scotland, born in 1771. While attending a Moravian school at Fulneck, England, he made a public profession of religion and united with the Church. Subsequently he lost his Christian faith. After many years of doubt and dissatisfaction he was led to look again to the Saviour of his youth and found rest. At his own request he was readmitted into the Moravian congregation at Fulneck when forty-three years of age. He expressed his feelings at the time in this manner:

"People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns, —
Turns a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest."

Montgomery was an editor by profession, and for publishing what were called libellous articles, but which no liberal government would now notice, he was twice imprisoned in the castle of York, — once in 1795, for three months, and again the following year, for six months. While in prison he wrote his first book of poems, "Prison Amusements."

He was one of the first anti-slavery agitators, an advocate of modern missions, and a lover of Sunday-schools. His "Hosannah be the children's song" was written for the Jubilee celebration of the origin of Sunday-schools, held in London, 1831. Two of his best hymns, "Hark! the song of jubilee!" and "Angels from the realms of glory," are genuine missionary songs. He wrote fine sacramental hymns. "When on Sinai's top I see," and "Gethsemane can I forget?" are specimens. Some of his sweetest and grandest lyrics are metrical versions of the Psalms, as, for example, "God is my strong salvation," "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," and "Servants of God in joyful lays." "Forever with the Lord" is a popular hymn, found in most collections.

This Christian poet lived happily until he reached fourscore years and beyond. April 30, 1854, while sleeping, he ceased to breathe, and was translated to be "Forever with the Lord." Montgomery appreciated his work. He said he would rather be the author of a few hymns which should become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God, than to bequeath another epic poem to the world which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and Milton. Verily, he has his reward.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; — the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone, —
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

THE NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

REGINALD HEBER,

Author of "From Greenland's icy mountains."

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

THE author of "From Greenland's icy mountains," and other valuable hymns, was born at Malpas, England, April 21, 1783. His early life was precocious. From a child he knew the Holy Scriptures, and read them with fluency and avidity at five years of age. He early learned the importance of prayer; when about fourteen he mastered his mother's "Companion to the Altar," and begged to be allowed to accompany her at the next sacrament, a request that was joyfully granted.

Young Heber was very inquisitive, fond of books, and made rapid progress in all his studies except mathematics. He prepared for the University in a private school, and entered Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1800, when a little more than seventeen years old. He was graduated with honor in 1804, and soon after was elected a Fellow of All Souls' College.

Mr. Heber spent some time in travel, and in 1807 took his degree of M.A. The same year he was admitted to orders. He married in 1809, and settled at Hodnet. Soon after his marriage he wrote some of his first hymns, which were published in the "Christian Observer" in 1811. He wrote verse with ease and rapidity. His most popular hymn, which, in spite of many others on the same subject, is known as *the* Missionary Hymn, was written in 1819 in a few moments, and the manuscript contained only one emendation.

For several years Mr. Heber had been deeply interested in missionary work, especially in India. In 1822 the see of Calcutta became vacant by the death of Bishop Middleton, and the bishopric was tendered to him. In the first instance he declined the position on account of the opposition of his friends, and the fear that the climate of India would not agree with his family. These difficulties being overcome, at least partially, on the renewal of the offer he accepted the situation, and was consecrated at Lambeth, June 1, 1823. He immediately sailed for Calcutta and entered upon the duties of his office. At a service of native Christians at Tanjore more than thirteen hundred persons were present, and the evidence of the great work upon these people filled the Bishop's heart with joy. At the close of the service he exclaimed, "Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this!" He found the harvest plenteous but the laborers few. His own abundant labors were suddenly terminated. Returning to his lodging from a service at Trichinopoli, April 3, 1826, where he had delivered an address and confirmed fifteen native converts, he went to his room to take a cold bath, and was found by his servant half an hour later lifeless. Death was caused by the effects of cold on a body exhausted by heat and fatigue. It seemed unspeakably sad and strange to his friends; but with him, doubtless, sudden death was sudden glory. His acceptation of the bishopric of Calcutta probably shortened his life, but increased his usefulness and fame.

HOSANNA.

HOSANNA to the living Lord,
Hosanna to the incarnate Word,
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing;
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name;
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

FORGIVE.

O GOD! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds, foregone, up to Thy temple fly;
Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive," a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven."

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good, my patience they deride;
Arise, O King! and be the proud to righteous ruin driven!
"Forgive," an awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be forgiven."

Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them, seven times they sinned again;
They practise still to work me woe, they triumph in my pain;
But let them dread Thy vengeance now to just resentment driven.
"Forgive," the voice of thunder spake, "or never be forgiven."

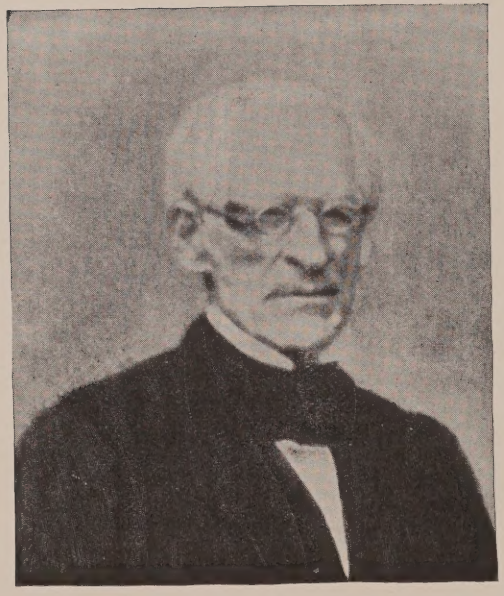
MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



THOMAS HASTINGS,

Author of "Gently, Lord, O gently lead us."

THOMAS HASTINGS, MUS.D.

ONE of the most popular of American hymnists was Thomas Hastings, of New York. He was born in Washington, Conn., October 15, 1784. When he was twelve years old he removed with his parents to Clinton, N.Y., which was then on the frontier. With an eager desire for knowledge, his educational advantages were limited; born with an uncommon love for music, he could secure, at that time, only meagre instruction. He obtained a few books on music, and educated himself so that he taught country singing-schools, which were popular more for the social advantages they furnished than for the instruction they afforded in music.

In 1818, in connection with Professor Norton, he compiled his first book, the famous "Musica Sacra." With Dr. Lowell Mason he edited a valuable book for social worship, — "Spiritual Songs," 1832. Soon after he removed to New York City, where he resided forty years, until his death, in 1872.

For several years he was the editor of a religious journal, but he resigned in 1832, and devoted himself to music. Sacred music was not only his profession, but his delight; it was to him a holy calling. He composed many tunes; among the best known are "Zion," "Ortonville," "New Haven," "Rock of Ages," "Wesley," and "Retreat." He was honored with the degree of Doctor of Music, a title that he richly deserved.

He became a hymnist without intention. In selecting words for his music he frequently found it necessary to amend some unsingable line. Sometimes he abbreviated a hymn, and again wrote an additional stanza. In some cases he failed to find just what he wanted, and attempted original composition in verse. In this way he learned to write hymns, and continued the practice occasionally until the close of life. In 1850 he published a volume of "Devotional Hymns and Religious Poetry," and he left a large number in manuscript.

Dr. Hastings was a man of deep and earnest piety. He devoted himself to his chosen work, not only from a love of it, but for the glory of God. We have room for a few of his valuable hymns.

PILGRIMAGE.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

INVITATION.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

DEEP CONTRITION.

JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make my wounded spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die!

Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal Thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven!

All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

Lord, in Thee I now believe,
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
Helpless at Thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

LOOKING FOR HEAVEN.

EARTH'S shadowy years will soon be o'er,
Heaven's blissful morn arise,
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud these weeping eyes.

Then will the Lord of life and love
Unveil His beaming face,
And never from my sight remove
The bright celestial rays.

Then will this froward, sinful heart
No more offend my God;
Nor ever from that love depart,
Which fills the high abode.

Then everlasting peace and joy
And transport shall be mine;
Praise shall my utmost powers employ
In melody divine.

RESIGNATION IN AFFLICTION.

IT is the Lord, my soul be still,
And bow before the throne;
O let me now submission feel,
And say, Thy will be done.

It is the Lord, whose chastening hand
Has filled the cup of woe;
The shaft of death by His command
Hath struck the fatal blow.

It is the Lord, who kindly gave,
That takes the gift away;
'Tis sin that dooms us to the grave,
In His appointed way.

It is the Lord, and He is good,
Unchangeably the same;
Though sorrow rises like a flood,
I'll bless His holy name.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

Author of "The Star of Bethlehem."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THIS young man was an example of genius in humble life. He was born in Nottingham, England, in 1785. Very early he manifested a remarkable love of books, and a decided talent for composition, both in prose and verse. Southey, his biographer, said: "When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said that he had never known them to write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's."

His father, a butcher, did not encourage his son's aspiration for a liberal education: his intention was to bring him up to follow his own trade. This occupation was so repulsive to the sensitive lad, that he was placed at a stocking loom, with a view to a situation in a hosier's warehouse. He was scarcely more pleased with this position than with the former. He said he could not bear the thought of spending seven years' apprenticeship in sizing and folding stockings. He had a faithful champion in his mother, and after a year at the hosiery he was placed in an attorney's office; and his heroic mother, assisted by her eldest daughter, opened a girls' day and boarding school to support him.

He now made rapid progress, not only in his profession, but in a variety of other studies. His diligence, indeed, was too great, for by severe application, and by continuing his studies long into the night, he weakened his constitution, and prepared the way for an early death. In 1803 he published a small volume of poems entitled "Clifton Grove," a very creditable piece of work, considering the youth of the author.

Up to this time the young man was a deist, but the conversion of one of his friends was the means of his awakening and conversion to Christianity. He tells the story of this transformation briefly, but beautifully, in the poem "Star of Bethlehem." Soon after he felt called to the ministry, and determined, if possible, to secure a university education. The attorneys to whom he had been articled generously yielded their claim; other difficulties were overcome, and in October, 1805, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Here his ardor and application won immediate success. The highest honors bestowed upon undergraduates seemed to be within his reach, but his health was not sufficient to endure the strain, and he died early in his second year, October 19, 1806, at the age of twenty-one.

Some of his poems are very fine, but no doubt he would have produced others far better if he had lived to the ordinary age of man.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, — and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star! — the star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To Thee I call, to Thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against Thee, Lord, I know,
I spurned Thy grace, I mocked Thy law;
The hour is past — the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance, smile, and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus! Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath His sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, O bliss! His wrath may spare.

THE ETERNAL MONARCH.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land,
With threatening aspect roar,
The Lord uplifts His awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine,
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peal it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

Author of "Just as I am."

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

MISS ELLIOTT, 1789–1871, was a member of a talented English family. Two brothers, H. V. and E. B. Elliott, were clergymen in the Church of England. As a young lady, Miss Elliott was accomplished, and a great favorite in social circles where religion was not mentioned; but a severe sickness, in 1821, removed her from these companions, and led her to feel the need of a personal Saviour. About this time Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, on a visit to England, became acquainted with the family, and his wise instruction was the means of her conversion. A letter from Dr. Malan, dated May 18, 1822, closed with this advice: "Dear Charlotte, cut the cable, it will take too long to unloose it; cut it, it is a small loss; the wind blows and the ocean is before you, — the Spirit of God and eternity." This friendship was life-long, and the date of its beginning, May 9, 1822, was always regarded, says her sister, as "the birthday of her soul to true spiritual life and peace."

After this experience the Bible became a highly prized and loved book. In later years, when she was not able to attend public worship, she wrote: "My Bible is my church. It is always open, and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There I have my confessional, my thanksgiving, my psalm of praise, and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy, — prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and confessors; in short, all I can want I find there."

Miss Elliott edited a little annual for twenty-five years, called "The Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," in which many of her original hymns appeared. She also wrote "Hymns for a Week," and "Hours of Sorrow, Cheered and Comforted," and edited several editions of "The Invalid's Hymn Book," to which she contributed a large number of her lyrics. Of her best-known hymn, "Just as I am," her brother, the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, wrote: "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel that far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's." The other two selections are not as widely known, but they are very valuable.

Though an invalid much of the time, Miss Elliott lived to reach fourscore. She was happy, and helpful to others, because she was a Christian.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

MY God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still," and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest —
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

COME UNTO ME.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

It tells me of a place of rest —
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to me."

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me."

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

"Come, for all else must fail and die;"
"Earth is no resting-place for thee;"
"Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,"
"I am thy Portion," "Come to me."

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony;
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

JUST AS I AM.

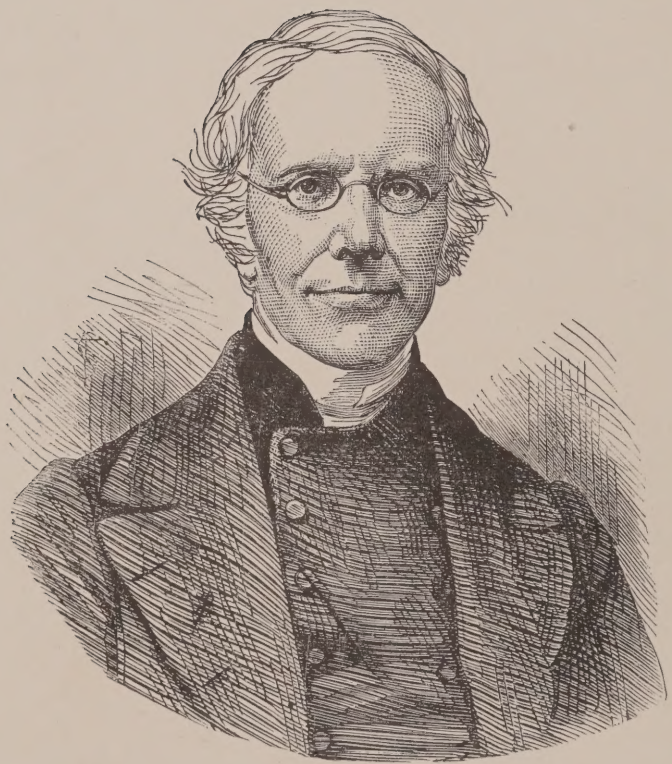
JUST as I am — without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

. . . . . .

Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am — Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!



JOHN KEBLE,

Author of "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."

REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.

"THE Christian Year," 1827, "The Psalter; or, Psalms of David in English Verse," 1839, and "Lyra Innocentium," 1846, were all published anonymously; but they were written by the Rev. John Keble, a Church of England clergyman, born in 1792. His father, vicar of Coln, St. Aldwin's, a devout and scholarly man, prepared his sons for the University. This plan had the advantage of keeping them at home during the most malleable years, when character is unconsciously formed; and in this case, at least, the young men obtained an especially early and good preparation.

John Keble entered Corpus Christi College in 1806, and was graduated, with the highest honors, in 1810. The next year, when only nineteen, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel. He now began to prepare for orders, and in 1815 was ordained deacon, and priest the year following. He resided at Oxford five years as tutor, and then served as curate to his father.

"The Christian Year" was a great success from the first; edition followed edition, and although the author has passed into the unseen, this work remains one of the most salable, and one of the most readable, books of sacred poetry in the language. In 1831 he was elected Professor of Poetry in Oxford, a position of great honor, which he held ten years. In 1836 he became vicar of Hursley, which living he held until his death, in 1866.

Keble was one of the leaders of the "Oxford movement," which began about 1833. Cardinal Newman regarded him as the "primary author" of Tractarianism, so called. He wrote several of the "Tracts for the Times," and gave the new departure the whole weight of his influence, until he found that it was leading his friends and followers into the Roman Catholic Church. This result he had not expected. After Newman and others went over to Rome, Keble and Dr. Pusey endeavored, for many years, to advance High Anglican principles, yet labored to prevent the disciples of the new movement from becoming Romanists.

Keble's present fame rests not on his theological "tracts," but upon his "Christian Year." "Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear," will be sung long after his controversial writings are forgotten.

EVENING.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below,
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense: —

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand, —
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burden borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take, —
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

ANTICIPATION AND RETROSPECTION.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind.
So will our joys and griefs appear
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray;
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.

Christ's Passion eve fell dark and drear
Upon His faithful few,
But brighter each returning year,
In memory gleamed anew.

And loud the chant of hope and glee
O'er Adam's eldest born;
But, hapless mother, who like thee
Her travail pangs might mourn?

JOHN BOWRING,

Author of "In the cross of Christ I glory."

SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D.

THIS distinguished linguist and diplomatist was born in Exeter, England, in 1792. He left the grammar school at the age of fourteen, and assisted his father, who was connected with the woollen trade; later he was a clerk for a merchant in Exeter. At this time he was very studious, and spent all his spare hours in indulging his taste for books. He had a natural love for language; much of the time between the age of twenty and thirty Bowring spent in travel. This gave him a good opportunity to indulge his gift, and he became one of the most famous linguists of his time.

In 1835 he was elected to Parliament, where he was known as a philanthropist and reformer. In 1848 he became British consul at Canton. Afterwards he was appointed governor of Hong Kong and its dependencies. He was doctored in 1828, and knighted in 1854. For several years following 1855 Sir John was a busy and successful diplomatist; at the same time he maintained his position in letters, and made frequent contributions to the magazines and reviews of the day.

Bowring was a Unitarian, though in faith and spirit he was nearer to Orthodoxy than to the radical wing of his own denomination. His best thoughts are embodied in his hymns. "Matins and Vespers" was published in 1823, and "Hymns" in 1825. He died at the age of eighty, 1872. A part of his grandest hymn,

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"

is inscribed upon his tombstone.

In his preface to "Matins and Vespers" he wrote: "I have often witnessed, with complacency and delight, the consoling influence produced by the recollection of some passage of devotional poetry, under circumstances the most disheartening, and suffering the most oppressive. Should any fragment of this little book, remembered and dwelt upon in moments of gloom and anxiety, tend to restore peace, to awaken fortitude, to create, to renew, or to strengthen confidence in heaven, I shall have obtained the boon for which I pray — the end to which I aspire. . . . To be useful is my first ambition; that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest." His desire was a laudable one, and has been fulfilled abundantly. Many of his hymns are in common use; some of them rank among the best, and are highly appreciated by all branches of the Christian Church.

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is love!

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom! God is love!

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom! God is love!

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom! God is love!

God is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is love!

CROSS OF CHRIST.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me —
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

HYMN.

THE offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

Upon Thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.

My offering will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee;
If Thy pure spirit touch my heart
With its own purity.

O may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN,

Author of "There is an hour of peaceful rest

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN.

MR. TAPPAN was emphatically a self-made man. His father died when he was young. He never attended school, except for six months; but taught school for several years successfully in Philadelphia. A pious mother's prayers and teaching saved him from gross immorality, and when he came to manhood he became an earnest Christian. He was connected with the American Sunday-School Union in Boston, and also in Cincinnati and Philadelphia. He is sometimes called "Rev.," for he was licensed to preach in 1840, but was never ordained. He was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and died in 1848.

Mr. Tappan published several volumes of poetry, but derived little pecuniary profit from them. He was a worthy man, not sufficiently appreciated in his own day. ("Hymn Studies.")

One of Mr. Tappan's hymns closes with this beautiful prayer-song:

"Enter this heart, my Saviour, God,
Subdue this flinty breast;
Shed Thy renewing grace abroad,
And be my constant guest."

The pathetic poem, rather than hymn, entitled "'Tis Midnight," was published in 1822. "There is an hour of peaceful rest" was written in 1818, for the "Franklin Gazette," Philadelphia. The other selections are equally meritorious. "The Sea of Galilee" is grand, and "The Cross" is something more — it is eloquent.

'TIS MIDNIGHT.

'TIS midnight, and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight, and from all removed
Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight, and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

THERE IS AN HOUR.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — 'tis heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

THE CROSS.

SYMBOL of shame — mysterious sign
Of groans, and agonies, and blood,
Hail, pledge of love, of peace divine,
From God.

Symbol of hope to those that stray, —
The pilgrim's vow ascends to Thee;
Star of the soul, Thou guid'st the way
To Calvary.

Symbol of tears — we look and mourn
His woes, whose soul for man was riven;
Where, wanderer, is thy due return
To heaven?

Symbol of empire — thou shalt rise
And shine, where lands in darkness sit,
On eastern domes that greet the skies
And minaret.

Symbol of glory — when no more
The monarch grasps his diadem,
Thou still shalt burn, while worlds adore
Immanuel's gem.

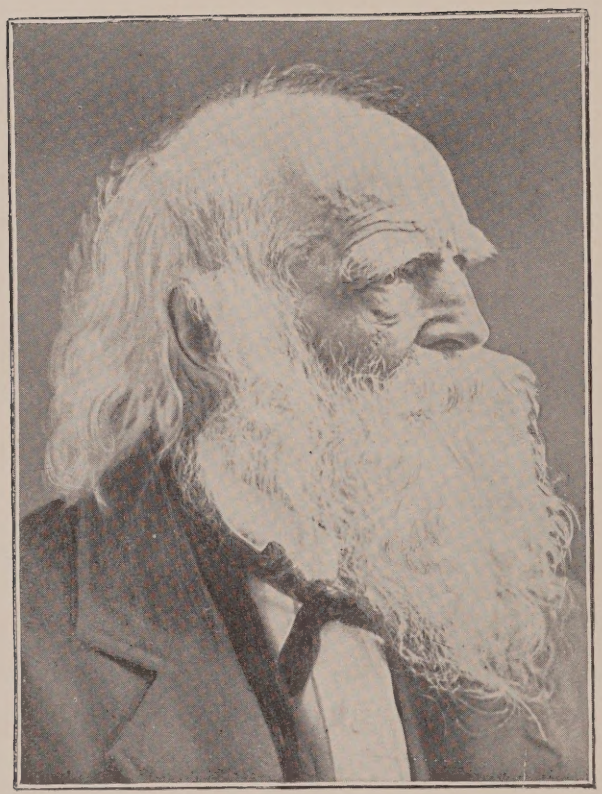
THE SEA OF GALILEE.

O JESUS! once on Galilee
Thy voice of power was heard,
When madly that dark heaving sea
Through all its depths was stirred.

The forky lightnings Thee revealed,
Calm 'mid the storm's increase,
And far above where thunders pealed
Was heard the whisper, "*Peace!*"

How drooped at once that foaming sheet
Of waters, vexed and wild!
Each wave came falling at Thy feet,
Just like a humbled child.

So rages my tumultuous breast,
So chafes my maniac will; —
Speak! and these troubled seas shall rest;
Speak! and the storm is still.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

Author of "All praise to Him of Nazareth."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BRYANT is recognized as a true poet, one of the ablest and sweetest that America has ever produced. He was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. After a partial course at Williams College he studied law, and practised several years. In 1826 he became connected with the New York "Evening Post," and continued to be one of its editors and proprietors down to the time of his death, June 12, 1878.

Bryant began to write verses at a very early age; some of them were printed when he was only ten years old. His "Embargo," a political satire, was published in 1808, when he was thirteen. "Thanatopsis," by many considered his finest poem, appeared in 1816. The first volume of his poems was published in 1821; in 1832 another complete edition, which was republished in England. Many later editions have been sold. A thin duodecimo volume of "Hymns, by William Cullen Bryant," without date, but said to have been privately printed in 1869, contains nineteen selections. Some of these are not found in his published poems, yet it is quite possible that they may be sung by Christian people when his more ambitious productions have been forgotten. His life was long, active, and useful. His manly, Christian character was everywhere recognized, and in his later years he was truly venerated. The last fine hymn, "As shadows, cast by cloud and sun," is given by permission of Messrs. Hunt & Eaton, New York, owners of the copyright.

COMMUNION HYMN.

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth,
The Holy One who came
For love of man to die a death
Of agony and shame!

Dark was the grave; but since He lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold dwell.

He grasped the iron veil, He drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened to His followers' view
The glorious world they hide.

In tender memory of His grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life He gave
For our unworthy sake.

A boundless love He bore mankind;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart!

ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET.

O North, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply!

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And, by the loving life He led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.

HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES.

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God! to Thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy seat.

May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

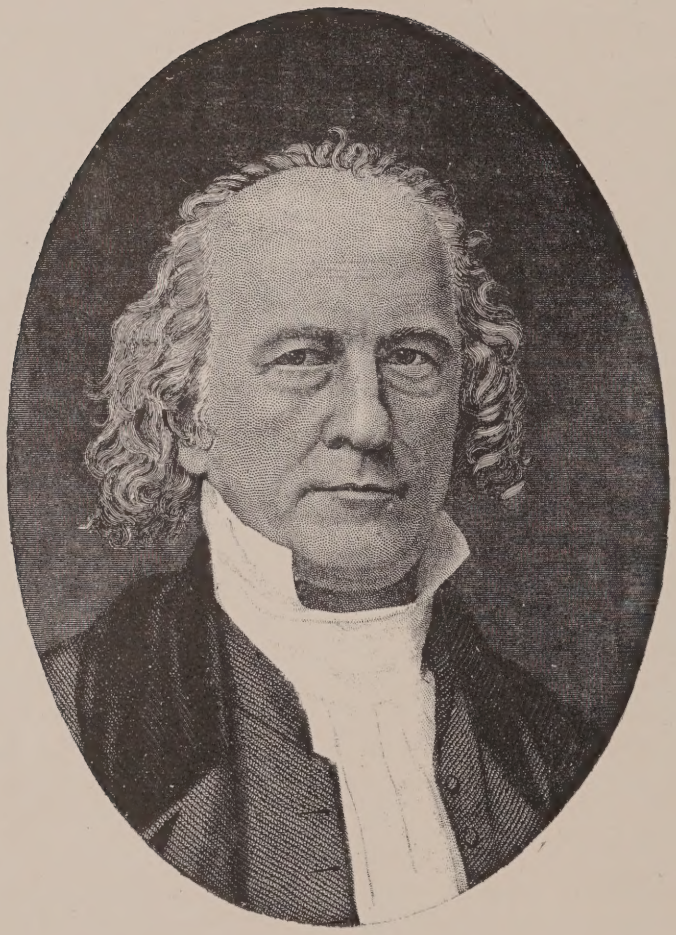
THE GUIDING STAR.

AS shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father! may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.



GEORGE W. DOANE,

Author of "Thou art the Way."

BISHOP GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

BISHOP DOANE possessed a genuine poetic talent, but he was too active and devoted to the work of the ministry to spend much time in writing verse. "Songs by the Way" was the appropriate title that he gave to a volume of his collected poems published in 1824.

He was born in Trenton, N.J., in 1799; was educated at Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. After his graduation he taught school and studied law for a time, but subsequently gave up law for theology. He was ordained a deacon in 1821, and a priest in 1823.

In September, 1824, he became Professor of Belles-Lettres in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Four years later he removed to Boston, as assistant rector of Trinity Church (Protestant-Episcopal). He became rector in 1830; two years later he was chosen Bishop of New Jersey, and in October, 1832, was consecrated to that office. His devotion to the work of his diocese was complete. In twenty years the number of clergymen increased from eighteen to ninety-nine, and the communicants from six hundred and fifty to five thousand. He died at his official residence, Burlington, N.J., April 27, 1859.

Bishop Doane's "Evening" is found in many collections. "Thou art the Way" is a genuine and valuable hymn. The "Prayer" that follows is worthy of a Bishop, and good enough for a layman. "The Wedded Flags" is both patriotic and Christian. I pity the Englishman or American that can read it without emotion.

EVENING.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From Sin and Death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

A PRAYER.

GRANT me, great Lord, Thy graces three, —
Faith, and Hope, and Charity:
Faith, that on the cross relies,
And trusts but in Thy sacrifice;
Hope, that, when by woe opprest,
Points upward to a heavenly rest;
And last, the greatest of the three,
O! give me gentle Charity:
To suffer all; to know no pride;
To strive another's faults to hide;
To answer with a soothing smile
When men with angry words revile;
To envy not that happiness
Thy hand denies me to possess;
The rich man's wealth to covet not,
Though poverty should be my lot.
Teach me through every earthly ill
To be submissive to Thy will;
And let me of Thy grace receive
As I my enemies forgive;
Then Faith, and Hope, and Charity
Will lead me on to heaven through Thee.

"RORES, FLORES."

WHEN April showers
Wake up the flowers
From their long winter's sleep,
The crocus starts,
The rose-bud parts,
The fragrant violets peep.

When tear-drops fall
At sorrow's call
On penitential heart,
The perfect peace
That shall not cease,
Like flowers in spring, will start.

THE WEDDED FLAGS.

HANG out that glorious old red cross!
Hang out the stripes and stars!
They faced each other fearlessly
In two historic wars.

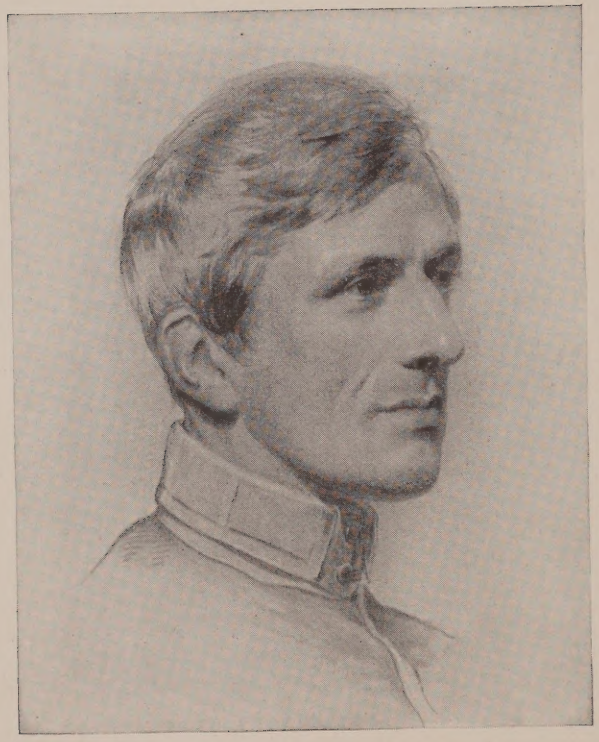
But now the ocean circlet binds
The bridegroom and the bride:
Old England, young America —
Display them side by side.

High up from Trinity's tall spire
We'll fling the banners out:
Hear how the world-wide welkin rings
With that exulting shout!

Forever wave, those wedded flags,
As proudly now they wave!
God for the lands His love has blessed,
The beauteous and the brave.

But see! the dallying wind the stars
About the cross has blown;
And see, again, the cross around
The stars its folds has thrown.

Was ever sign so beautiful
Hung from the heavens abroad?
Old England, young America —
For freedom and for God.



JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Author of "Lead, kindly Light."

CARDINAL JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE excellent portrait opposite represents Cardinal Newman at the age of forty-four. Most of the facts of this sketch are derived from his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." He was born in London, February 21, 1801, was brought up to read the Bible and to study his catechism. Before his conversion, which took place when he was fifteen, he was very superstitious, and had a habit, where learned he could not say, of crossing himself on going into the dark. As early as 1811 he decorated the first page of his verse-book with a Roman cross and a set of beads; so true is it that the child is father of the man.

Newman was graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, and two years later was made a Fellow of Oriel. He took orders in 1824. In 1828 he became vicar of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, Oxford. Before his ordination he had accepted the doctrine of "baptismal regeneration," had adopted free views upon inspiration, and had learned that the Bible was never intended to teach doctrine; that to learn doctrine we must go to the "Catechism" and the "Creeds." He does not think to tell us where Christian doctrine resided before a catechism was written, or a creed formulated.

While a tutor at Oriel he became acquainted with John Keble and Hurrell Froude. From the latter, he says, he learned to admire the Church of Rome, to dislike the Reformation, and to entertain an idea of deep devotion to the Virgin Mary. He claimed also that the Church of England taught "penance" in its commination service, "confession and absolution" in its visitation of the sick, sacramentarianism in its ordination, and the "real presence" in its communion. He believed that the episcopacy was ordained of God. "My Bishop," he wrote, "was my Pope; the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ." It is evident that Newman never was a Protestant; he scorned the very name. He was an Anglican, a neuter something that was neither Protestant nor Catholic. He walked in a *via media;* but in the sequel found that his middle way led to Rome.

While a young man he had believed and taught that the Pope was Antichrist. This view he gradually surrendered, and in February, 1843, he recanted all that he had said against the Pope. The September following he resigned his position as vicar of St. Mary's, and two years later was received into the Roman Catholic Church. He was immediately honored with places of responsibility, and in 1879 was made a Cardinal. He died in London, August 11, 1890.

"Lead, kindly Light," his finest lyric, was written in 1833. "Praise to the Holiest in the height" is from a dramatic poem written in 1865. The other selection is from "Lyra Apostolica," 1836.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

PRAISE.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe, —
Should strive and should prevail.

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and His very self,
And essence all divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er; —
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE,

Author of "It is not death to die."

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

DR. HATFIELD, in "Poets of the Church," begins his sketch of this man as follows: "The Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D., the Christian gentleman, the ripe scholar, the graceful poet, and the eloquent divine, was born in the city of New York, March 18, 1805."

Bethune was blessed with parents who understood the responsibilities of their relation, and who believed in prayer. A parent can obtain almost anything for a child in answer to prayer. As an illustration of this claim, we give a brief passage from a prayer of Dr. Bethune's father for his infant son: "Make him a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Give him a contented mind, a thankful heart. May he declare the whole counsel of God; and while he is faithful and sound in his doctrine, do Thou grant him to be eloquent, animated, impressive, and acceptable. I ask this, for Thou art able to grant all I can ask." According to Dr. Bethune's friends and biographers that prayer was answered.

He studied three years at Columbia College, but was graduated at Dickinson, in 1823. He was ordained in 1827, and served several prominent parishes in the Reformed Dutch Church. In 1838 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. His natural talents were uncommon, his educational advantages superior, and he made good use of both.

Dr. Bethune was a natural poet; his "Lays of Love and Faith," 1847, contain many compositions of more than ordinary merit. He died at Florence, Italy, on Sunday, April 27, 1862, of congestion of the brain. He had preached the same day from Matt. ix. 2, "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." It was while thinking over this sermon on the day before his death that he wrote the first hymn given below. It was his last personal testimony. "It is not death to die," is a fine translation from the French of the Rev. H. A. Cæsar Malan.

HE DIED FOR ME.

WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and He died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know His grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy word and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep, so wide;
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

'TIS He! 'tis He! I know Him now,
By the red scars upon His brow,
His wounded hands, and feet, and side, —
My Lord! my God! the Crucified!

Those hands have rolled the stone away;
Those feet have trod the path to-day;
And round that brow triumphant shine
The rays of majesty divine.

O, from those hands uplifted, shed
Thy blessing on my fainting head;
And, as I clasp those feet, impart
The love that gushed from out Thy heart!

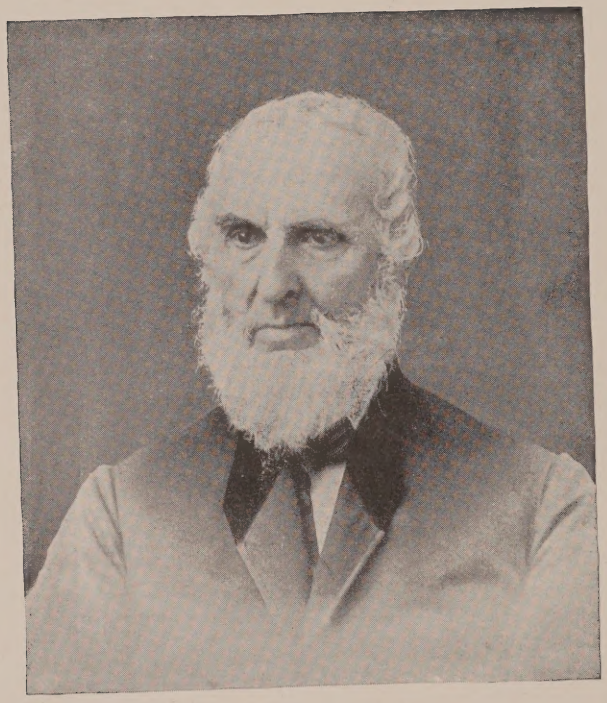
Thy death upon the cross be mine,
My life from mortal sin be thine,
And mine the way Thy feet have trod,
To reign in heaven with Thee, my God.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

FOR CHILDREN.

WE come, we come, with loud acclaim,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name;
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannahs to our King.
With thrilling pulse and smiling face
We gather round the throne of grace,
And lowly bend to offer there,
From infant lips, our Christmas prayer,
To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
A gentle child, as young as we.

We come, we come, the song to swell,
To Him who loved our world so well,
That, stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim it as his own.
And now the holy aisles we fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still;
O, thus may we in heaven above
Unite in praises and in love;
While happy angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come, they come!"



JOHN G. WHITTIER,

Author of "Our Master."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THIS widely known and loved poet was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. He was educated in the public schools, was a Friend in religion, and a journalist by profession. The venerable poet once said to the writer that he had not attempted hymn-writing, because he was no musician, and did not know what was singable. He succeeded admirably, however, without trying; the hymn editors have utilized a large number of his poems in their books.

Mr. Whittier's residence was at Amesbury, Mass. He died September 7, 1892. His finest religious poem, from which several excellent hymns have been made, is "Our Master," which we give by permission of his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.

OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
  Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
  A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
  All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
  And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
  The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
  How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
  The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look
  For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
  To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
  For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
  The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
  And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;
  The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
  The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
  And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
  Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
  And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
  Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
  Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile or love,
  With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
Nor dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years; —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

. . . . . .

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all Thou art,
Our noisy championship!
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

THOMAS R. TAYLOR,

Author of "Heaven is my home."

REV. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

"HEAVEN is My Home" is a scriptural and happily written spiritual song. It has had a wide circulation, and is counted a favorite by many people. The author of this hymn was the son of an English Independent minister, born in Ossett, Yorkshire, in 1807. He early manifested a fondness for poetry, and wrote some ambitious pieces while a school-boy in his "teens." He attended the grammar school at Bradford, where his father was pastor, and subsequently, for three years, a private school near Manchester. At the age of fifteen he entered a counting-house at Bradford, where he remained two years.

While an apprentice in a printing and bookselling business in Nottingham he experienced a change of heart, and soon after felt a strong desire to enter the ministry. In his private journal he wrote out a deed of consecration, which not only included body, soul, and spirit, but specified such items as eyes, ears, tongue, hands, and feet.

In September, 1826, he entered the Independent College at Idle, and graduated in 1830. Before he had completed his college course, he received a call as pastor of the Howard-street Church, Sheffield. Within two years he was compelled, by ill-health, to resign. He subsequently accepted the position of classical tutor in his *Alma Mater*, but his promising career was interrupted by consumption. He died in the faith, March 7, 1835, and found a home in that heaven of which he wrote so charmingly.

We subjoin several of his hymns. If he had lived longer, he doubtless would have given the church many valuable Christian songs.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage!
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast:
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home:
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best:
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

CONSECRATION.

LORD! who has bled and died for me!
I thankfully resign
All that I am and have, to be
Now and forever Thine.
Take Thou possession of my soul,
And all its sin subdue;
Its pride abase, its lusts control,
And fashion all things new.

Oft have I vowed that I would give
To Thee my mortal days;
That to Thy honor I would live,
And, dying, speak Thy praise.
But ah! how oft my vows I broke,
My best resolves forgot;
And, though my dying Saviour spoke,
My heart regarded not.

Yet turn, oh turn me, gracious God!
And leave me not to die;
From the vile paths which I have trod
I would forever fly.
And here again I give to Thee
This guilty soul of mine;
In time, and through eternity,
Oh, make and keep me Thine!

GOD IS LOVE.

ALL I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of Thee!

Earth, with her ten thousand flowers —
Air with all its beams and showers —
Ocean's infinite expanse —
Heaven's resplendent countenance —
All around and all above,
Hath this record — "God is love."

Sounds, among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred; —
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden — "God is love."

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies; —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering — "God is love."

All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of Thee!

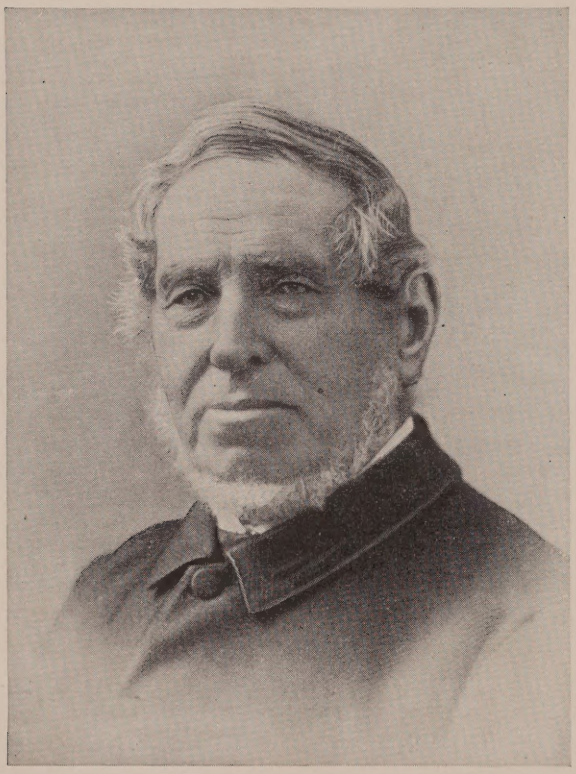
HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

SAVIOUR and Lord of all!
We lift our souls to Thee:
Guide us and guard us,
Wher'e'er we be!

When we are full of grief,
Victims of anxious fear,
Give Thou our hearts relief;
Jesus, be near!

Brighten our darkest hour,
Till the last hour shall come;
Then in Thy love and power
Oh, take us home!

Glorious deliverer!
How long wilt Thou delay!
Saviour, gracious Saviour!
Bear us away!



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH,

Author of "My country, 'tis of thee."

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D.

ONE of the most talented and successful of American hymnists is the Rev. Dr. Smith. He was born in Boston, 1808, was graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and three years later at Andover Theological School.

It was while at Andover that he wrote his first hymns, among them the highly prized National Ode, "My country, 'tis of thee;" which seems to grow in popularity even faster than our country increases in wealth and population. It is not only patriotic and poetic, but pious; the last stanza is a direct address to Deity.

Mr. Smith was ordained in 1834 as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waterville, Me. He was at the same time a professor in Colby University. In 1842 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Newton, Mass. In 1854 Dr. Smith resigned his pastorate and engaged in editorial and literary work. In 1843, in connection with Rev. Baron Stowe, he edited "The Psalmist," a valuable collection of hymns which had a wide circulation. To this work several of his best hymns were contributed. He published "Rock of Ages: Original and Select Poems," in 1870.

The first hymn, "God with us," was contributed to this work in November, 1891. "God All in All" was first sung at the Boston Monday Lecture, Tremont Temple, February 24, 1890.

"Ye are not your own" is a personal favorite with Dr. Smith.

GOD WITH US.

LORD of our life, God whom we fear,
Unknown, yet known; unseen, yet near;
Breath of our breath, in Thee we live,
Life of our life, our praise receive.

Thine eye detects the sparrow's fall,
Thy heart of love expands for all;
Our throbbing life is full of Thee,
Throned in Thy vast infinity.

Shine in our darkness, Light of light,
Our minds illume, disperse our night;
Make us responsive to Thy will,
Our souls with all Thy fulness fill.

We love Thy name, we heed Thy rod,
Thy word, our law; our guide, Thy nod;
We wait Thy will, on Thee we call,
Our light, our life, our God, our all.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

GOD of all grace, supreme, alone,
Thy robe, the light; the heavens, Thy throne;
The winds, Thy voice; Thy path, the sea,—
Reverent we bow and worship Thee.

In all Thy works Thy hand we trace,
Creation does but veil Thy face;
Thy life, our life; Thy warmth, our spring;
Our only rest, Thy sheltering wing.

Thy breath makes every pulse-beat thrill,
We feel the whispers of Thy will;
We come, we go, at Thy command,
We wait the waving of Thy hand.

Plant in our hearts Thy love and fear,
Teach us Thy precepts to revere;
And fashion us, through grace, to be
But living temples, meet for Thee.

YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN.

O, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits and flowers, and stream and wood,
But His, who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with His precious blood.

O, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul,
But His, who for my ransom came,
Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.

O, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
O, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessed Lord, to Thee.

O, "not my own," I'll soar and sing,
When life with all its toils is o'er;
And Thou Thy trembling lamb shall bring
Safe home, to wander never more.

AMERICA.

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

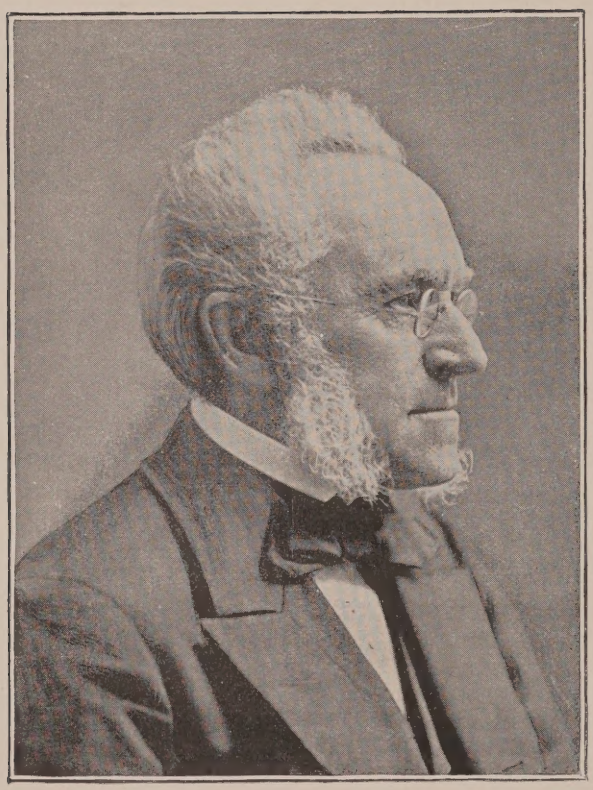
SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to Heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"



RAY PALMER.

Author of "My faith looks up to Thee."

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

RAY PALMER was born in Little Compton, R. I., in 1808. He prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and was graduated at Yale in 1830. Subsequently he took a theological course at New Haven. In 1835 he was ordained pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Bath, Me. In 1850 he became pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany, N. Y. He served this church until 1865, when he removed to New York, and became Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union. He died March 29, 1887.

Dr. Palmer was the author of several books of poetry which contain valuable contributions to hymnology. He was not only a writer of original hymns, but, what is even more difficult, a successful translator. His most valuable translations are "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts" (*Jesu Dulcedo cordium*), and "Come, Holy Ghost, in love" (*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*).

"My faith looks up to Thee" is one of the grandest hymns ever written in any age or tongue. The original title was "Self-consecration," and the secret of its value is found, in part, at least, in its history. It was written in New York in 1830, in an hour, says the author, "when Christ, in the riches of His grace and love, was so vividly apprehended as to fill the soul with deep emotion." It was a genuine heart-song, and was copied into a small pocket note-book by Mr. Palmer for his own use. Two years later he gave it to Lowell Mason, who wrote the tune "Olivet" for it, and published it in "Spiritual Songs for Social Worship," 1832. Dr. Mason had a high opinion of the production from the first, and said to the author: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to Thee.'"

The author's version of this great hymn is here given, with other valuable productions of his pen, by the kind permission of Dr. Charles Ray Palmer, owner of copyright.

FAITH.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, —
A ransomed soul.

UNSEEN, NOT UNKNOWN.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

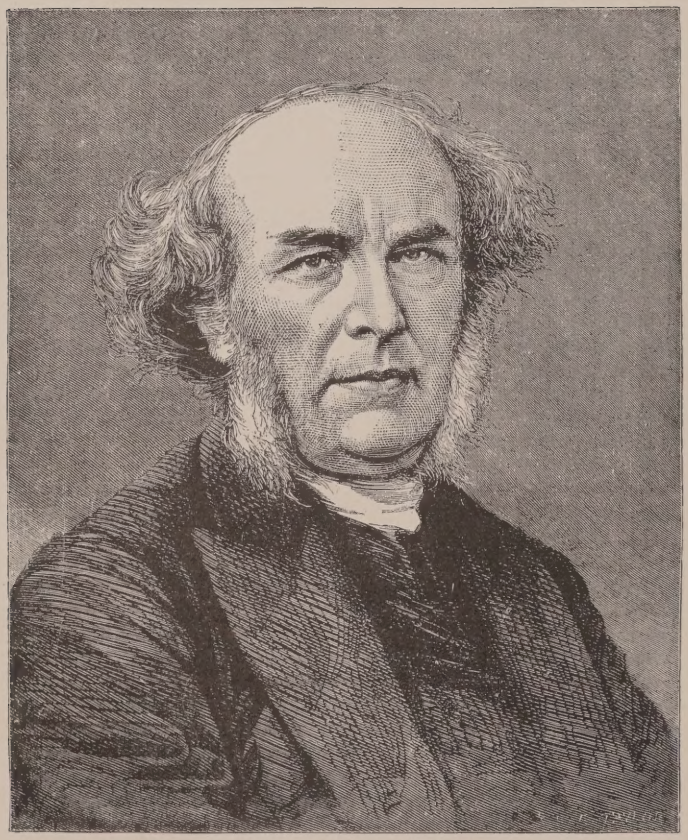
COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart;
O, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, —
Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires!
Extinguish passion's fires:
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.



HORATIUS BONAR,

Author of "I lay my sins on Jesus."

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

ONE of the saintliest men and sweetest singers of the nineteenth century was Dr. Bonar, of Scotland. He was born in Edinburgh, December 19, 1808, and educated in the High School and University of his native city. In 1837 he became the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Kelso, near the English border. When the Free Church of Scotland was organized in 1843, Dr. Bonar was one of the clergymen who united with it. He belonged to the pietistic school, and was a successful evangelist, as well as a faithful and beloved pastor. He looked for the speedy second coming of the Master, and his poems are colored decidedly by his theological views. In 1866 he became pastor of the Chalmers Memorial Church in Edinburgh. He died in 1889.

Among the most familiar of his hymns are "Beyond the smiling and the weeping I shall be soon," and "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto me and rest.'"

SUBSTITUTE.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him.
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord.
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HEAVENLY SOWING.

SOWER divine!
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
A hundredfold to yield.
Sower divine,
Plough up this heart of mine.

Sower divine!
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield;
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.
Stay not Thy hand, but sow;
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine.

Sower divine!
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry,
Refresh it from on high.
Sower divine,
Water this heart of mine.

REDEEM THE TIME.

DEATH worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

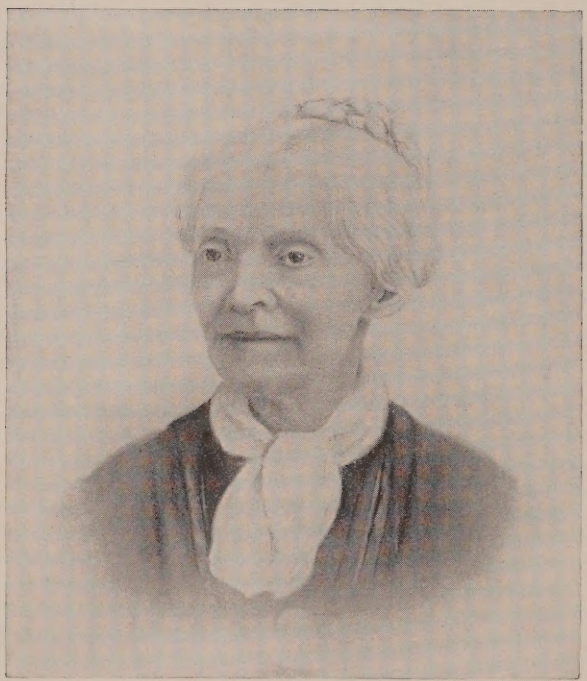
PRAISE.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run

Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings:
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.



MARY D. JAMES,

Author of "All for Jesus."

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

THE author of "All for Jesus" was born in Trenton, N. J., August 7, 1810. Her mother, alive to her responsibilities, prayed without ceasing for her child, and named her "Mary," with the hope that she might sit at the feet of Jesus. When she was ten years old she was converted in a Methodist revival, and soon after joined the church. Two years later, by a complete consecration, and "effectual, fervent prayer," she sought and found that "perfect love" which casteth out fear.

In 1834 she married, and the usual domestic cares, and more than the usual measure of ill-health, followed, but withal she was happy and useful. By personal effort in the Sunday-school, in temperance reform, and the ladies' prayer-meeting, she found opportunities to work for Jesus. At the suggestion of her pastor, Mrs. James prepared the story of her early life. The book, entitled "Mary; or, the Young Christian," was published in New York, and made a valuable Sunday-school library volume. She also wrote "Mother Monroe; or, the Shining Path," and contributed numerous articles to periodicals.

Upon entering the new year, 1871, Mrs. James wrote the most widely known and valuable of her hymns, "All for Jesus." As a hymn of consecration it has no superior in the language. The loving labor of Mrs. James for the good of others, and for the promotion of Christianity, continued until she was translated, October 3, 1883. In an editorial notice of her death, "The Christian Advocate" of October 18, 1883, said: "Her life during the greater part of her more than seventy years was 'hid with Christ in God.' Spirituality was her normal state; her soul was ever wrapped in divine contemplations, and her words 'fitly chosen' expressed the elevated conceptions so as to suggest the scriptural figure of 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'" The life of Mrs. James, written by her son, Rev. J. H. James, was published by Palmer & Hughes, New York, 1886.

ALL FOR JESUS.

ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways,
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

O BLESSED fellowship divine!
O joy supremely sweet!
Companionship with Jesus here
Makes life with bliss replete;
In union with the Purest One,
I find my heaven on earth begun.
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I'm walking close to Jesus' side,
So close that I can hear
The softest whispers of His love,
In fellowship so dear,
And feel His great Almighty hand
Protects me in this hostile land.
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I'm leaning on His loving breast,
Along life's weary way,
My path, illumined by His smile,
Grows brighter day by day;
No woes, no foes, my heart can fear,
With my Almighty Friend so near.
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I know His sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread;
And though the storms may fiercely rage
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings,
"I'll trust the covert of His wings."
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

TRUST IN JESUS.

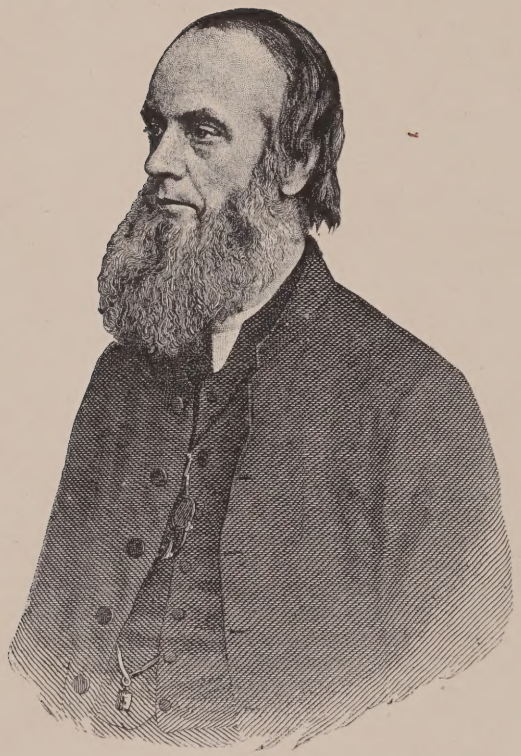
I LOVE to trust in Jesus,
My Saviour so adored;
A solid rock beneath my feet
Is His unfailing word.
I know this firm foundation,
And feel I'm so secure,
His precious word is tried and proved,
His promises are sure!

When arms of flesh are failing,
And earth seems cold and drear,
I love to trust in His strong arm,
For then He draws so near.
In deepest midnight darkness,
When not a star I see,
The harder then I lean on Him,
For then He's nearest me.

And when the raging billows
Are threatening to o'erwhelm,
I love to trust in Jesus then,
For He is at the helm.
Though clouds obscure His presence,
I know He's just as near;
And still I trust His changeless love,
And will not yield to fear.

I love to trust in Jesus
In life's bewildering maze, —
When not one step ahead I see
In all the devious ways;
For well I know He leads me,
I feel His mighty hand
Is holding mine each step I take
Through all this hostile land.

And when, in life's last conflict,
My heart and flesh shall fail, —
When o'er this frail mortality
The last foe shall prevail,
Oh! then I'll trust in Jesus,
The glorious, conquering King!
Who vanquished the destroyer Death
And took away his sting.



HENRY ALFORD,

Author of "Ten thousand times ten thousand."

REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D.

THIS distinguished divine and author was born in London, October 7, 1810. His father was a lawyer at the time, but subsequently studied theology and entered the Church. Henry was literary from a very early age, and when about eleven, wrote several hymns. A stanza from one of them will be appreciated by every one who has ever been a "school-boy:"

> "As when a school-boy longing for his home,
> Leaps forth for gladness when the hour is come;
> So true believers, eager for the skies,
> Released by death, on wings of triumph rise."

Sunday, November 18, 1827, he wrote in his Bible: "I do this day, as in the presence of God and my own soul, renew my covenant with God, and solemnly determine henceforth to become His, and do His work as far as in me lies."

In 1828 he entered Cambridge, and was graduated in 1832. He was ordained a deacon in 1833, and a priest the following year. In 1835 he was married, and became vicar of Wymeswold, which was his home for eighteen years. Mr. Alford removed to London in 1853, that he might enjoy greater facilities in preparing his Greek Testament, the great work of his life, though he was the author of several volumes of sermons and poems. While residing in London he preached at Quebec Chapel. He was appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1857, a position that allowed him time for those biblical studies that he had come to consider as the special work assigned to him by Providence. New Year's day, 1861, he wrote: "God be praised for all the mercies of another happy year, in which I have been enabled to finish my Greek Testament, the work of eighteen years."

The calm and useful life of Dean Alford closed January 12, 1871. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Canterbury, supposed to be the oldest church in England. The tomb is under a wide-spreading yew-tree, and bears the following inscription, written by the Dean:

> "DEVERSORIUM VIATORIS HIEROSOLYMAM PROFICISCENTIS.
> (I.E., The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem)."

The very fine hymns, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," and "Jesus, when I fainting lie," were sung at the funeral of the author.

HYMN OF VICTORY.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished — all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

"What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations, —
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

DEATH ANTICIPATED.

JESUS! when I fainting lie,
And the world is flitting by,
Hold Thou up my head;
When the cry is, "Thou must die,"
And the dread hour draweth nigh,
Stand by my bed!

Jesus! when the worst is o'er,
And when they bear me from the door,
Meet the sorrowing throng;
"Weep not!" let the mourner hear,
Widow's woe and orphans' tear
Turn into song.

Jesus! in the last great day,
Come Thou down and touch my clay,
Speak the word, "Arise!"
Friend to gladsome friend restore,
Living, praising evermore,
Above the skies.

RETURN.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say come;
O now for refuge flee!

Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Author of "O Paradise."

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, D.D.

FABER, the son of an English clergyman, was born June 28, 1814. He was educated at Harrow School and Baliol College, Oxford, which he entered in 1832. In 1835, while an undergraduate, he wrote to a friend concerning the ministry: "It seems my destiny; it has thrown a color over all my boyhood; it has been my life's one dream, so much so that I sometimes fancy I am called to it."

He had a natural predilection for verse, and in his graduating year, 1836, won the Newdigate prize over thirty-six competitors; the subject of his poem was "The Knights of St. John." In January, 1837, he was elected to a fellowship at University College, and at once began to prepare for orders. He was ordained deacon in August, 1837, and two years later a priest in the Church of England. At Oxford he became acquainted with Dr. Pusey and John Keble; he was also an enthusiastic disciple of John Henry Newman.

Early in 1843 he was appointed rector of Elton. In April of the same year he made a pilgrimage to Rome, confessedly as a student of Roman Catholic methods. It must be remembered that Faber never was a Protestant; in the church in which he was brought up he could be more than half a Romanist, and this journey completed his conversion, though on his return to England he devoted himself to parish work at Elton for two years before openly confessing his adhesion to the Roman Church. With a few friends Faber organized a community at Birmingham called "Brothers of the Will of God." This community was subsequently merged in the "Oratory of St. Philip Neri," of which John H. Newman was the head. A branch of the oratory was established in London, over which Father Faber presided until his death, in 1863.

He was the author of several religious books, but his most valuable and lasting work was his hymns, which are characterized by intense devotion, and express a deep and passionate love of God.

For the fine portrait of Faber and the specimens of his hymns we are indebted to John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, publishers of Faber's complete works.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

MY God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart,
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
Oh what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

MY FATHER.

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's Heart and Soul;
And undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

. . . . . .

ELIZABETH PRENTISS,

Author of "More love to Thee, O Christ."

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

ELIZABETH PAYSON, daughter of the Rev. Edward Payson, of saintly memory, was born in Portland, Me., October 26, 1818. When she was twelve years of age she made a public profession of discipleship, and joined a Presbyterian church. She was a bright, sensitive girl, a good student, and lover of reading. While yet a school-girl she wrote contributions, both in prose and verse, which were published in "The Youth's Companion," Boston. Here is one of them:

"What are little babies for?
Say! say! say!
Are they good-for-nothing things?
Nay! nay! nay!

"Can they speak a single word?
Say! say! say!
Can they help their mothers sew?
Nay! nay! nay!

"Can they walk upon their feet?
Say! say! say!
Can they even hold themselves?
Nay! nay! nay!

"What are little babies for?
Say! say! say!
Are they made for us to love?
Yea! YEA! YEA!"

Miss Payson was married in 1845 to the Rev. George Lewis Prentiss, a Presbyterian clergyman, and resided in New Bedford, Mass., and then in New York, as a pastor's wife. She was the author of a number of books. The "Susy" books and several others were written for children, whom she dearly loved. "The Flower of the Family," 1856, was received with great favor, both at home and abroad, and was the foundation of her literary fame. "Stepping Heavenward," 1869, was still more popular. It had a large sale in America, and was reprinted in England, France, and Germany.

Mrs. Prentiss' hymns appeared in 1873, under the title "Religious Poems," which was afterwards changed to "Golden Hours." Her best-loved hymn, "More love to Thee, O Christ," is a gem of a prayer-song that will not soon be forgotten. It was written for her own use, and her biographer says, "She did not show it, not even to her husband, until many years after it was written; and she wondered not a little that, when published, it met with so much favor."

"Alone with God" is a heart-song worthy of a place in the memory of the reader. "Nearer" is a genuine hymn; "At Jesus' Feet," a real poem.

ALONE WITH GOD.

INTO my closet fleeing, as a dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er Thy love
Alone with Thee.

In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord! I adore Thee, feasting on Thy word
Alone with Thee!

Amid the busy city, throned and gay,
But One I see,
Tasting sweet peace, as unobserved I pray
Alone with Thee!

Oh happy life! Life hid with Christ in God;
So making me,
At home, and by the wayside, and abroad,
Alone with Thee!

NEARER.

O JESUS, draw nearer,
And make Thyself dearer,
I yearn, I am yearning for Thee;
Come, take for Thy dwelling
The heart that is swelling
With longings Thy beauty to see.
. . . . . .

Come nearer, come nearer,
And make Thyself dearer,
Thou joy, Thou delight of my heart!
Close, close to Thee pressing
I long for Thy blessing,
I cannot without it depart.

AT JESUS' FEET.

THERE is a spot where tempted souls
May find a dear retreat;
They fly from sin and self, and lie
At Jesus' feet.

In vain upon their heads the storms
Of life may rudely beat,
Grief cannot harm the soul that lies
At Jesus' feet.

My soul, upon life's dizzy heights
Beware to take Thy seat,
Leave not the valley, but abide
At Jesus' feet.

Wouldst thou in peace, and joy, and love,
And gladness stand complete?
Seek it in penitence and faith
At Jesus' feet.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
. . . . . .

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE,

Author of "Rescue the perishing."

MRS. FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE.

A HYMN is a work of art, but it is not in itself an end, it is an instrument to accomplish a higher end. Its mission is to arrest attention, to touch the heart, to voice the prayer, and wing the praise of the soul. Helpfulness is one of the prime virtues in this needy world, and the hymns of "Fanny Crosby" are helpful.

I have no sympathy with the narrow medievalistic critics who would exclude every warm personal element from "spiritual songs." According to their rules we should have to discontinue the use of "Rock of Ages" and the twenty-third Psalm. "A sermon that does good is a good sermon," said Dr. Adam Clarke. I dare to say the same of a hymn. In the Sunday-school, the prayer service, and the home circle, the hymnic compositions of Mrs. Van Alstyne have been a blessing to multitudes.

It is sometimes said of a gospel hymn that it is "all worn out;" yes, but how did it become worn out? By being sung thousands of times by millions of people. There are plenty of hymns that will never be worn out, because they will never be used.

Frances Jane Crosby was born in South East, N. Y., March 24, 1820. She had the misfortune to lose her eyesight in infancy, but she received a good education in the Institution for the Blind, New York, and has passed a useful and happy life. In 1851 she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which she continues to hold membership. She was married in 1858 to Alexander Van Alstyne, also from the Institution for the Blind.

Miss Crosby had a natural gift for verse, and wrote rhymes at an early age. While a teacher in the school where she was educated she wrote the words of several popular songs for George F. Root, the well-known musical composer. Among these were "Hazel Dell," "There's Music in the Air," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "Proud World, Good-by," and "Never Forget the Dear Ones."

She began to write Sunday-school hymns for William B. Bradbury in February, 1864. Her first piece appeared in the "Golden Censer." It was called "Our Bright Home Above." From that time her chief employment has been the writing of hymns and spiritual songs; she loves her work and is happy in it. If it is said that she has written too many hymns of indifferent merit, the same may be said of Charles Wesley and other authors; but possibly these numerous ordinary productions were necessary to strengthen the pinions for the higher flights of song. Among the most popular of her hymns are: "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," "Rescue the Perishing," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Blessed Assurance," "The Bright Forever," "Blessed Homeland,"

"Saviour, more than life to me," and "All the way my Saviour leads me." This blind woman can see Jesus, and that is the secret of her success.

The poems here given were contributed by Mrs. Van Alstyne.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."

'TIS but a little thing to give
A cup of water, cool and clear;
'Tis but a little thing to speak
A loving word of cheer;
And yet perchance these humble deeds
May have their mission to perform
In some lone heart that, like a flower,
Lies crushed beneath the storm.

'Tis but a little thing to share
The anguish of an aching breast,
To ask that He, our Lord, will grant
The healing balm of rest.
And yet, within the "Book of Life,"
Our spirit eyes the words may see,
"Accepted are your deeds of love,
Ye did them unto me."

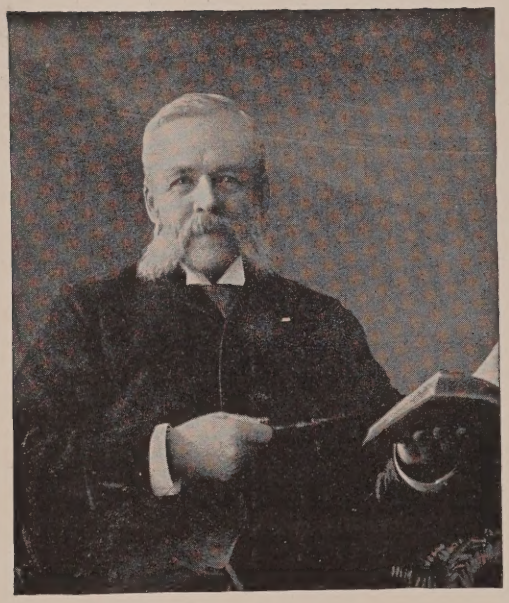
'Tis but a little thing to lend
A helping hand to those in need;
And from our basket and our store
The poor to clothe and feed;
But, oh! how great our joy will be
If, when our souls in heaven awake,
We hear the blessed Master say,
"Ye did it for my sake."

"TRUST IN THE LORD," AND BELIEVE.

WE sing of a wonderful city,
Where never a mortal has trod;
Its walls and its gates are of jasper;
Its builder and maker is God.
There sickness, temptation, and sorrow,
No longer the spirit shall grieve;
And though we behold not its glory,
We trust in the Lord and believe.

We sing of a clear, flowing river,
That waters that city above;
We sing of the pure and the holy
That dwell in its mansions of love.
Oh, there are the sower and reaper!
And there are the crowns they receive;
We know not the bliss they inherit,
But trust in the Lord and believe.

Our faith looks away to that city,
And soars to its portals of light;
And gladly we'll sing of its grandeur,
Till faith shall be changed into sight.
We'll sing of the tree by the river,
Of garlands our fingers may weave,
And, oh! till the vail shall be lifted,
We'll trust in the Lord and believe.



JOSEPH H. GILMORE,

Author of "He leadeth me."

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, A.M.

IT is not difficult to discover the secret of the popularity of many hymns and spiritual songs; some Scripture passage, perhaps a single word, a vital thought, gives life and inspiration to the author, the hymn, and to those who sing it. "What a Friend we have in Jesus," by Joseph Scriven; "Thy will be done," by Charlotte Elliott; and "He leadeth me," by Professor Gilmore, — are familiar illustrations of this fact.

Joseph Henry Gilmore was born in Boston, Mass., April 29, 1834. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, Brown University, Providence, and Newton Theological Seminary, graduating from the last institution in 1861. Mr. Gilmore was ordained June 19, 1862, as pastor of the Baptist church in Fisherville, N. H. In 1865 he became pastor of the Second Baptist church in Rochester, N. Y. He was elected to the Professorship of Logic, Rhetoric, and English Literature in Rochester University in 1868.

Professor Gilmore has written only a few hymns. "He leadeth me" was born in 1862. Its inspiration was derived from the contemplation of the twenty-third Psalm. After writing this famous spiritual song (Mr. Gilmore says that it "wrote itself"), the author handed it to his wife, who sent the hymn to the "Watchman and Reflector," where it first appeared in print December 4, 1862. Mr. William B. Bradbury, always on the look-out for gems of verse, found it in this or some other paper, set it to appropriate music, and started it on its mission around the world.

The second selection, "Looking unto Jesus," is without doubt the personal testimony of the author. "Hungering for the Word," which recently appeared in the "Young People's Union," was sent to the writer in manuscript by Professor Gilmore.

HE LEADETH ME.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea, —
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

MY trembling soul to Jesus turned
Upon the fatal tree;
To Him who bore our sins,
Who gave His life for me;
And so I trust in Jesus' blood,
In Him who died for me.

And all throughout my pilgrim way,
Whate'er my sorrow be,
My heart still turns to Him
Who suffered once for me,
And hopes for sunshine after storm,
Through Him who died for me.

Beneath temptation's fierce assaults
I bow the suppliant knee,
And look to Him alone
Who conquered sin for me;
And trust through grace to overcome
Through Him who died for me.

Bereft of friends, of wealth, of fame,
From care my heart is free;
I clasp the friendless One
Who left His home for me;
And hope at last to reign in heaven
With Him who died for me.

HUNGERING FOR THE WORD.

WORD of God! on thee I feed,
Satisfying every need;
Let my hungry soul be fed
Ever on this heavenly bread.

Keener hunger, Lord, impart,
Deeper yearning in my heart,
That, from Thine exhaustless store,
Daily I may draw the more.

Blessed Spirit, by whose might
Holy men were moved to write,
Teach what Thou wouldst have me know,
Lead where Thou wouldst have me go.

From Thy bounty help me give
To the dying words that live,
Till the Daystar's dawning light
Change my feeble faith to sight.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL,

Author of "Take my life and let it be."